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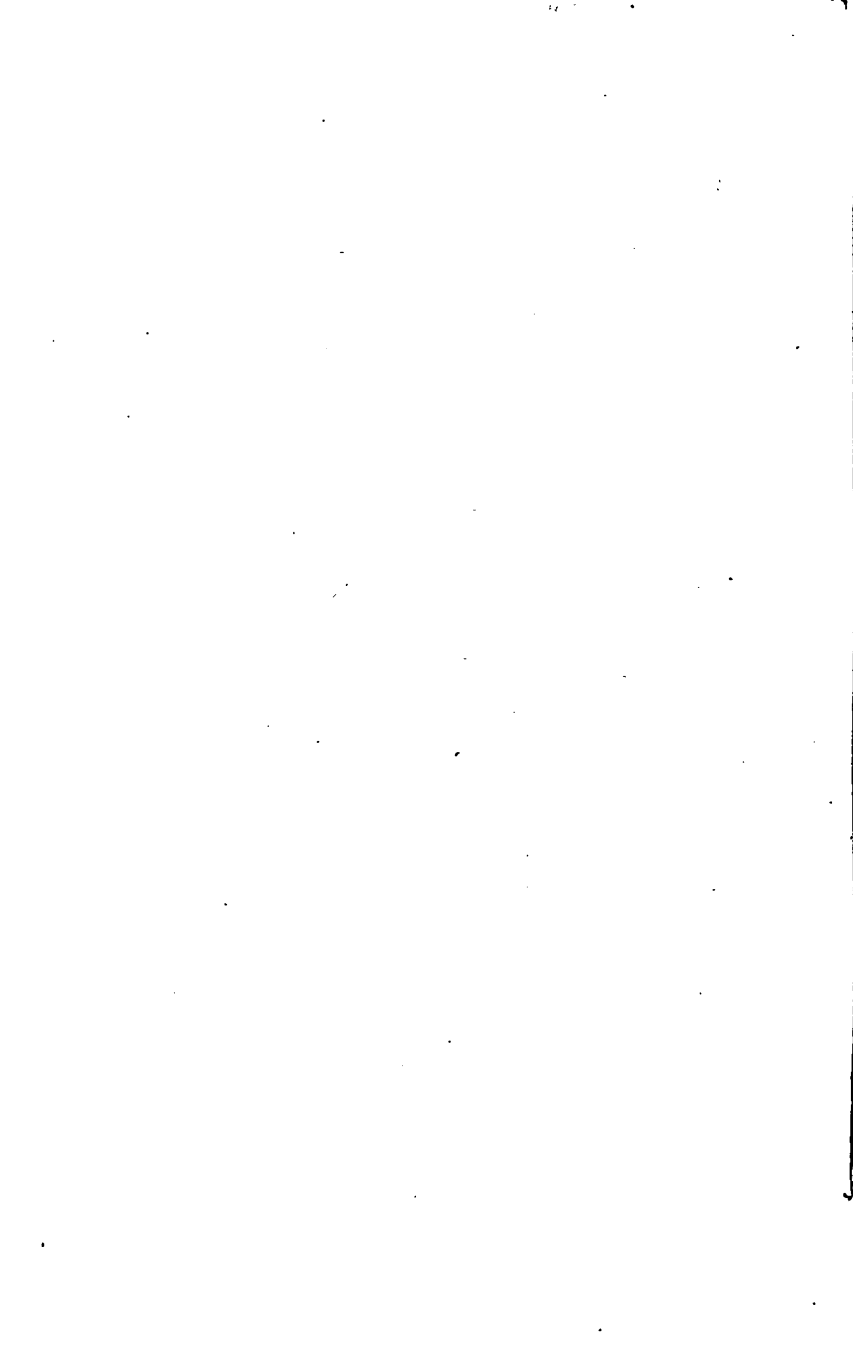
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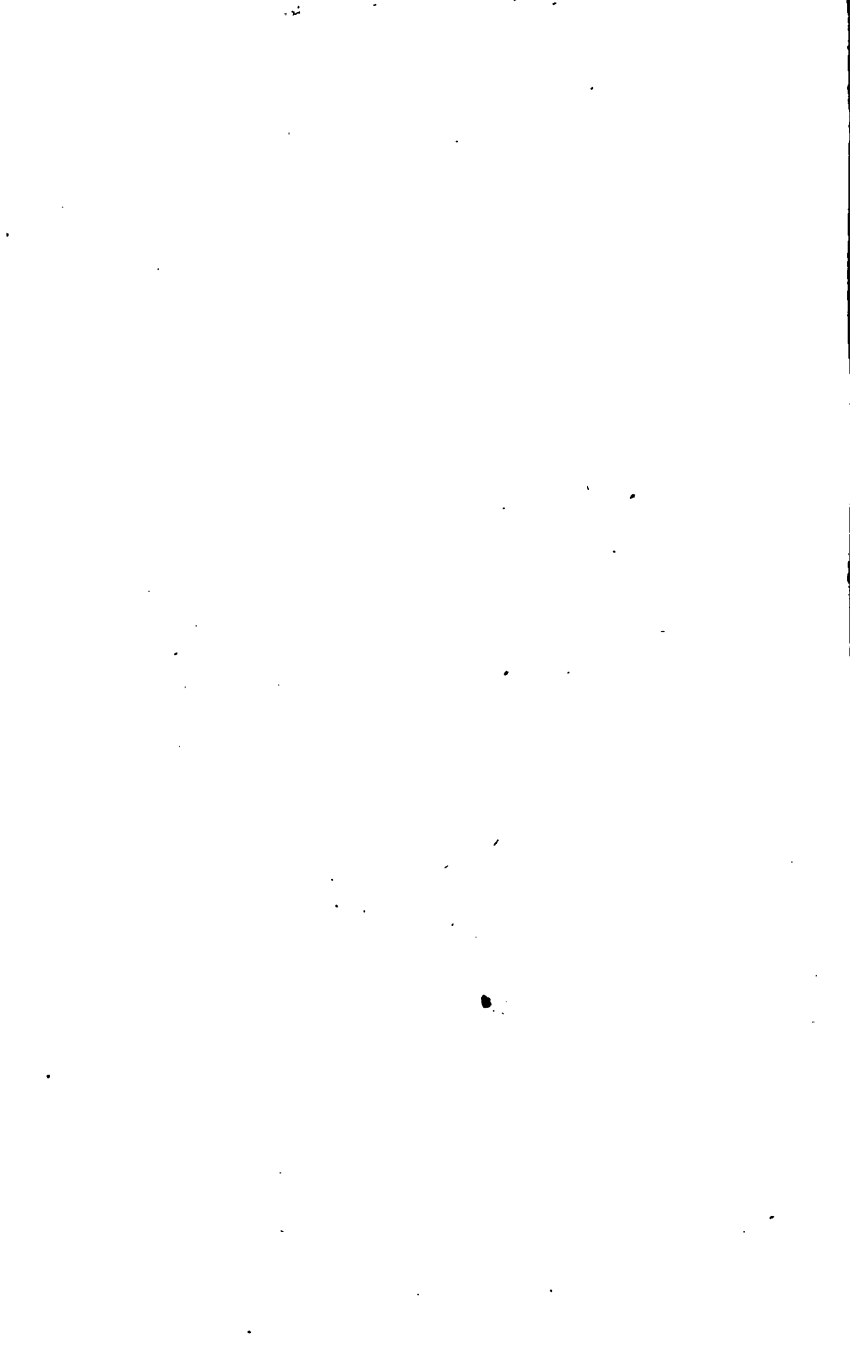
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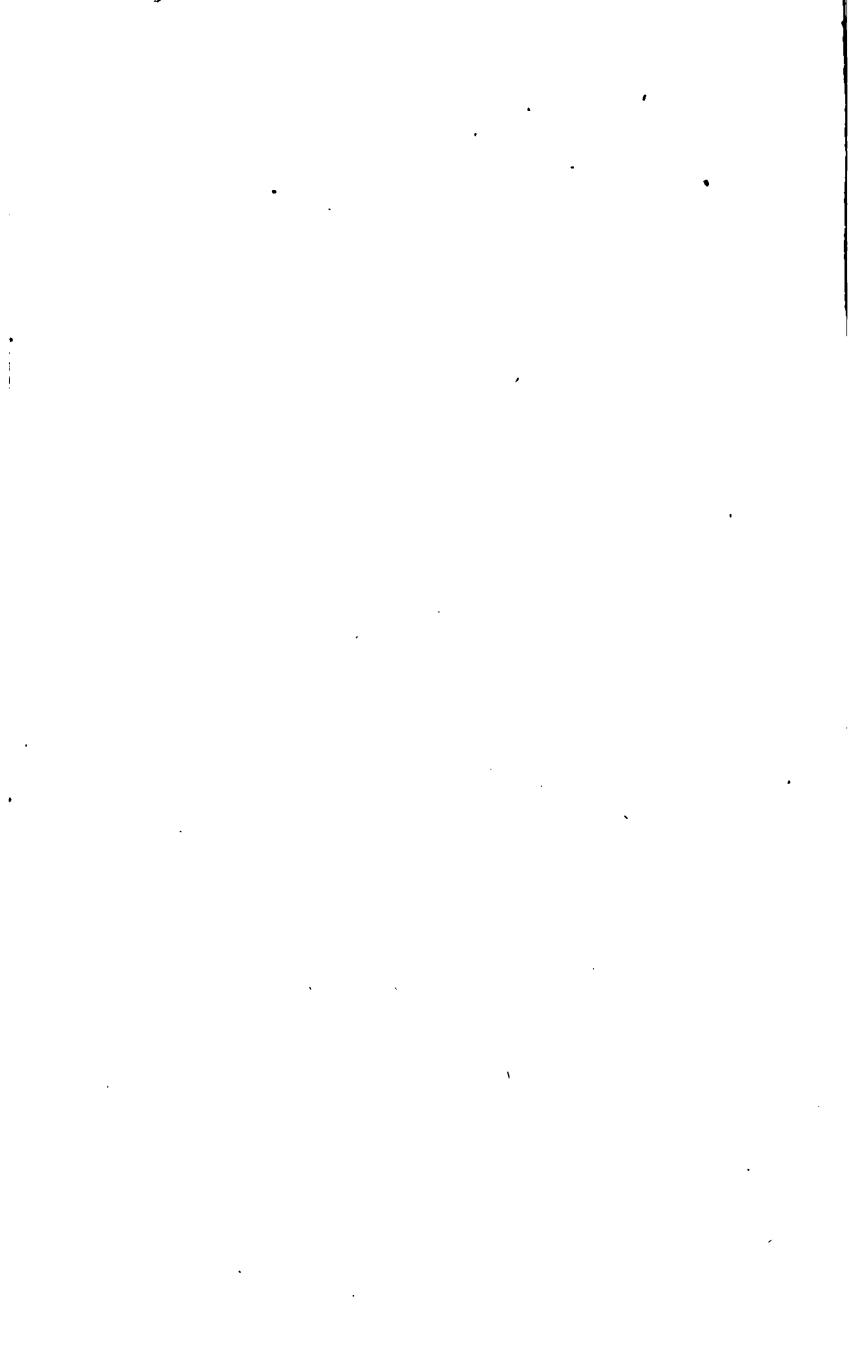
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THE OUTCASTS.

THE
OUTCASTS

BY
GEORGE ROANE

THE OUTCASTS FROM THE COMMONS

BY
GEORGE ROANE

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

LONDON

PRINTED FOR G. AND W. B. CHURCHILL
STATIONERS' COURT, LONDON

**THE
OUTCASTS.**

A ROMANCE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

BY

GEORGE SOANE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE OUTCASTS.

CHAPTER I.

THE more fruitful any period is in events, the more it is extended in the recollection. The Duchess thought she had lived through an age, when, after a few days she landed on the Flemish coast and looked back to England, as if in a dream. There, where a grey line bounded the sea and the misty atmosphere was dim with pale clouds, there lay the cradle of her earliest feelings. And was it possible? and had she left every thing, and did she stand alone on a foreign shore, where none knew her language, none knew the home of her youth; where words and looks fell back on the overburthened heart, unintelligible

to all, and not a single breast met hers with kindred feelings? Overpowered by unutterable and inward despair, she exclaimed, "Oh, happy ye who weep with your own countrymen, who suffer with them and can console them! You know not what it is to be an outcast amongst strangers! Only death threatens you; but we, poor exiles, have before us an endless wandering, an inward decay, a life torn a thousand-fold by all the tortures of unsatisfied desires!"

It was thus that prophetic bodings of evil greeted the Duchess, like servants in a mourning garb before the house of death. Anxiously she landed on the strange ground, and no less anxiously did she inquire on all sides after Sir Richard, describing his figure, his carriage, and his manners; but no one could give her the desired information. The most she could learn was, from a third or fourth hand, of a handsome young Englishman, with dark eyes and melancholy look, who used to be ever on the shore impatiently watching the arrival of each ship,

and afterwards returning home still more melancholy. They added, that he had many months since travelled into the interior of the country. More was unnecessary to send off the Duchess in the same direction; thenceforward she allowed herself no rest, and in a short time she reached Zant. Sarah, unable to master her inward vexation any longer, asked, "How much farther are we to run about the world, seeking for one who could much more easily find his way to us than we to him?"

"You go with me, I think," replied the Duchess drily; "but if you wish to stay behind, it only rests with yourself. At all events, I am resolved to decide for myself without restraint."

"Your Grace is angry," exclaimed Sarah in alarm; "Oh, Heavens! I see it now; my last stay on this earth is breaking under me. If any one had told me this when I left Barbican, and would not listen to my friends or relations, nor suffer myself to be kept back, because,—" here, for the moment, she could go no farther;

at last she sobbed,—“ Because,—because,—I loved my poor mistress too dearly.—And now,—but that is the reward which awaits the unlucky fidelity of servants.”

“ Be not ungrateful,” replied the Duchess, in emotion. “ I do not misconceive your sentiments ; but moderate a zeal which makes you too presuming. You cannot forgive me,” she added, with a smile, “ that you no longer serve the Duchess of Suffolk ; believe me, that is the source of all your ill-will to my husband. But although I see so much, it does not the less vex me that you are unjust. Let me, for the future, find you more equitable, and don’t let me again hear any such words, which burthen my heart more than they can lighten yours.”

Sarah was silent ; her mistress had her own way ; and soon afterwards, owing to the zeal of Partridge, they found refuge in a decent house. The Duchess took possession of two little rooms, in which she made herself as comfortable as space and circumstances would allow. Rosa-

mond smiled as cheerfully on the banks of the Rhine as on those of the Thames ; she alone was able to quicken the dejected heart of her protectress, who, weak and exhausted, saw a limit put to the continuance of her restless wandering, and, between increasing inability and decreasing hope of finding Sir Richard's abode, led a comfortless life within foreign walls.

Many days had thus past in grief and solitude. The Duchess was sitting at the gabel-window of the Belgian house, with its pointed ornaments, such as we now see them in the pictures of that period. It was a clear winter-day; the sun illumined the Rhine, and its broken beams glided sparkingly over the waves, whilst the barks floated tranquilly up and down at a short distance from the shore. One would have fancied that it was already spring. Rosamond held her hands towards the warm, shining glass, and tapping on it with her little fingers, seemed as if she were plucking the dancing beams, and playing with them, as though they were flowers.

"Dear creature!" exclaimed the Duchess, "your joy penetrates to my heart! Were it not for you, I do think I should die here of grief. So unexpectedly does good often fall to us!" she added, pressing the little one more closely to her, and stifling in her breast the conclusion which probably was a gentle reproach to fate.

Weary of her own thoughts, she followed Rosamond's cheerful looks, as they travelled over the window, when she suddenly exclaimed, "Good heavens! what is this written on the window? DRIVEN FROM HERE, TOO! RICHARD BERTIE, THE 12th OF FEBRUARY, 1554. And to-day," she added, calculating the time with quivering lips, "is the 16th—and we came here on the 12th! Oh, Richard! Richard!"

So loud was the exclamation, that Sarah hurried into the room with the certainty of finding the object of their long search, but, stooped opposite her mistress, in surprise, casting looks of doubt and inquiry on all sides.

"My good girl," exclaimed the Duchess,

"don't look so strangely, as if you thought me mad; I do not rave; he is here,—he was here——"

"Was!" echoed Sarah, still in doubt what to make of it all, when the Duchess caught her by the arm and led her to the window.

"WAS and IS! There, read, you unbeliever! When was that written? and when did we take this room? Precisely on one and the same day; that you must allow;—or is there any illusion here, too,—any self-deception, you incessant objector?"

"Indeed, your Grace, the most cunning reckoner in England could not deny that the 12th of February must still be the 12th of February, unless it should happen to have a twin-brother, so like, that the two are not to be distinguished."

"Well, then, if you grant so much, you may see that Sir Richard must have been in this city at the same time with myself, perhaps, too, in the same house, and now, even now,—who

can tell?—If he should be under this very roof—
My good girl,” she added, hurrying on from the mere idea to the firmest conviction—“ My good Sarah, run down stairs; inquire accurately of the landlord, in which room Sir Richard keeps; and when you have learnt it, let me know in a whisper, that no one may hear what we are talking about;—we then steal in upon him, unperceived,—he knows us not,—he suspects not ——”

“ I am sorry to disturb your joy,” interrupted Sarah; “ but in good truth there is no one else in the house, except the grumbling alderman, his maid, and the fat cat that keeps up such a devil of a noise before our door every night. I went the other evening through all the rooms when the good man was at the meeting of his colleagues, consulting with them over a bumper for the good of the city; there was not a soul to be seen, nor is it likely that the eccentric grey-beard would endure more than one strange family in his house at the time.”

The Duchess turned from her abruptly, saying, with suppressed anger, "Fetch Partridge; he may be luckier than you in finding, and, at all events, will be readier in seeking."

"If he find between these walls more than the three living beings that I mentioned, I will—"

At this moment Ralph entered the room, and cut short her protest, exclaiming, with flashing eyes, "Oh! your Grace, I have just met a man in the gallery of the barton, who, if my overburthened memory does not deceive me, is as little a stranger to you as to me. Gilles, I think, he is called, and he was once in your service."

"Gilles," said the Duchess, scarcely able to restrain her joy; and starting up, she laid the child in Sarah's lap, and raised her folded hands to Partridge, as if to implore him to consider what he said.

"It was indeed, your Grace; none else but Gilles, who passed through the gallery like a shadow, and vanished up a dark flight of stairs that lead to the loft—the tall Gilles, with the

thin cheeks, and dark eyes,—which he purses up so closely as if to see the better—the long hooked chin, and a white mantle over his narrow shoulders. I did not venture to follow him, for he did not look like one who would return a salute too courteously.”

“ My good man,” exclaimed the Duchess, “ perhaps you will do me the favour to go up into the loft, and say a lady of his acquaintance expressly desires to speak with him on a business of importance.”

“ I will not suffer this errand to be taken from me,” said Sarah ; “ I will myself see if the sagacious Ralph—”

“ It would be best,” interrupted the Duchess, “ that I should not trust to any one this matter, which is too much mine for me to divide it with others.”

She had no sooner spoken this, than she flung open the door, and, without waiting for attendance, or troubling herself about her unacquaintance with the house, hurried out to the gallery;

and was soon lost to her servants. Sarah no longer concealed her doubts of the discovery made by Partridge. Vexed as she was at her mistress's first declaration, the importunate stranger was now, more than ever, a thorn in her side, and, without weighing her words, a ceremony indeed which she rarely used, she gave a free vent to her indignation. Ralph, accustomed by matrimony to eruptions of this kind, listened without at all feeling the force of her sarcasms, or, in truth, much caring about the matter; and, when Sarah had stopt from mere exhaustion, very quietly replied, "I can well believe that you look upon me as an intruder in her Grace's suite, and would rather I should roast on a stake in a London, than see me in your neighbourhood. Every one has to make good his own place in the world, and has no particular inclination to move aside that a stranger may divide it with him. But, setting this aside, perhaps my trifling services may chance to be necessary to our mis-

tress in a foreign land, where a vacant place is not so easily filled."

"A vacant place!" said Sarah, scornfully; "where will you find such a thing? Or do you imagine, Master Partridge, that I shall give up the field to you? And have you any inclination to make good your dexterity as a lady's maid with her Grace?—to curl her hair, arrange her veil, put on her mantle, and, above all, to do the office of a nurse to the little one?"

"It may come to that too, Sarah, if you should fall ill, and the burthen of all such duties, as well as those of the rascal, George, may rest on my shoulders."

"The rascal George!" said Sarah, offended. "Master Partridge would do well to choose his epithets with a little more discretion."

"I shall never find a fitter one for George, my good girl," replied Ralph; "or do you think the cowardly fellow deserves a better epithet, who, in time of danger, gets out of the way, and, in

time of quiet, walks off with his master's treasures?"

Sarah stared at him with uncertain looks, and was able to say no more than "George gone off with her Grace's treasures?"

"I have said it," replied Ralph, coolly; "and you ought to believe that I would not be a slanderer at the expense of any Christian. It is certain that the casket, of walnut-wood, inlaid with steel and yellow metal flowers, is gone, and George too."

"Then we are beggars!" sighed Sarah, half aloud, and sank exhausted on the nearest seat.—
"Beggars, Master Partridge; for, with the exception of a few trifling ornaments, her Grace kept all her gold and valuables in that casket, which she trusted, without any consideration, to one whom she could not but believe faithful. A nursling of Barbican—a vassal of Suffolk, grown to manhood in his service, and so often proved! Heavens! what a bitter drop in the cup of her transport! But I hear her calling out

my name in her joy, impatient for me to hear and share it with her. I tremble at her approach, and dread how she may take my hesitation and confusion."

"Courage, courage!" whispered Partridge in the Abigail's ear as the door opened, and Catherine entered with Bertie, beaming with delight. "For Heaven's sake," he added softly, "none of these miserable faces, which would lead any one to guess some Job's comfort beforehand. Your noble folks never like to be disturbed in their feelings, and would sooner forgive the theft itself, than the news of it at an unseasonable hour."

"What now?" cried the Duchess, stopping at the door in wonder. "Why are you whispering there so mysteriously together? there is nothing more to be discovered. Here is the pleasant riddle that you were hunting after, Partridge," she added with a smile, laying her hand tenderly upon Sir Richard's shoulder. Ralph bowed in respectful silence to give his new

master a favourable idea of his manners, and the Duchess went on to her confidante, patting her pale cheeks,—“ And you, my good girl ; are you angry with me for being in the right ? ”

Instead of answering, Sarah seized her hand with a convulsive effort, and pressed it to her lips, while she burst into a flood of tears.

“ For Heaven’s sake ! ” exclaimed the Duchess in the greatest consternation, “ what has happened ? Some misfortune threatens us !—But speak, Sarah, I conjure you ! Do not torture me in this way.”

“ Fear,” said Partridge, taking up the word anxiously, and endeavouring to give a light unimportant colouring to the transaction, “ Fear has lamed her tongue, for the young George, your Grace’s valet, was her particular favourite, and she is therefore hurt at his returning to England without her knowledge, and indeed without informing any one.”

“ George ?—To England ?—And—”

“ Yes, AND,” said Sarah. “ I comprehend

what should follow this AND, your Grace. May the villain go to the bottom of the sea with his plunder, and be as miserable as he has made us. Nay, let me go on, Ralph," she continued impatiently, as the latter gave her to understand by signs she ought still to conceal the secret from her mistress ; " I cannot bear to see any one laughing in their dreams, when tears await their waking."

"Tears!" exclaimed the Duchess, with a slight emotion of displeasure; "we'll reserve those for more important occasions. That, which weighs down mean souls, shall, I think, only exalt ours the more. It is, indeed, true, there is not much left for our support after the loss of the casket; but nevertheless, I can assure you for the next week, and as time comes means may come."

But on Bertie's brow lay a cloud of sorrow, which neither the unexpected sight of Catherine, nor the vigour and cheerfulness of her spirit, were able to dispel. The weight of banishment lay heavy upon him, and he in vain struggled

against it. It was with him as with a plant, that, torn from its native soil, droops under a foreign sky and the altered influence of air and climate, and poorly maintains an artificial existence; he might live and breathe, talk and laugh, but the violent rending from the bonds of mental habits, of thoughts, and feelings, had left behind in his breast an incurable wound, from which he suffered the more in proportion as he was ashamed of it and endeavoured its concealment. The circumstance, besides, of his finding himself so destitute of all means to meet the convulsions of a troubled time; the idea of seeing his wife contend with cares that were too strange even to have a place in her fancy; the increase of domestic burthens in the little foundling, the sight of the child itself, he could not deny it,—all together created a melancholy and painful feeling, which broke up the quiet of his life.

Catherine observed him with silent earnestness; not a single movement of his soul escaped

her, yet she carefully avoided touching on the doubtful ground. She thought to herself, that which is not sufficiently mature or sufficiently vigorous to raise itself above the storm, let it rest shapeless in the abyss which buries as many feelings as it engenders. At the same time she was unceasingly occupied in endeavouring by cheerfulness to reconcile her husband with the present, while the budding spring, the bright sun, the royal Rhine, all made her rejoice that it was precisely here they had found a hospitable home.

The first days passed amidst their mutual narrations, in a sort of intoxication of the fancy, which, constantly working on fresh materials, leaves not a moment for repose. What Catherine had to tell of her last weeks in England, her flight, and the adventures on her journey, might well be sufficient to divert Richard's thoughts from himself to the happiness of his re-union with his beloved wife. In truth, he was deeply sensible of his happiness, and full

of gratitude to God, who, as he said, might have made him feel much more wretched than he had done in this foreign land ; but that sweet sporting with grief, that melancholy longing after the lost, had absolutely become with him a second nature ; they encouraged his inclination to a pensive apathy, and flattered that feeling in proportion as they justified his dissatisfaction with the world and fate.

In this disposition, which hangs like lead on the activity of man, and takes away all vigour from his mind, it happened a few days after their re-union that Catherine persuaded her husband to a short excursion on the Rhine. Both were allured by the mild influence of the waters and the warm March air, and, forgetful of the place and hour, continued rowing up and down till late in the evening. At last the approach of night made the Duchess anxious, and with a feeling of alarm, for which she could give herself no reason, she urged and hurried on the boatman to make for the land. In her dis-

quiet she promised the man a handsome gratification, without reflecting how little money she had left. When, therefore, they had reached the shore, and he stood beside her with open hands, expecting his reward, it was not without a blush that she felt in the little leathern purse, which she wore at her girdle, and drew thence a two-penny piece, observing, with a beating heart, that a single guinea made up the whole of her possessions ; while the boatman, seeing the gold, and contrasting it with his paltry present, uttered a hearty curse. She hurried on to avoid his abuse, and, that Sir Richard might not see it, hastened along the narrow foot-board to the bank. Here a man offered his hand to help her up to the shore, which she readily took without observing who it was that proffered it, when a voice, close to her ear, said, “ Fly, if your safety is dear to you ; in the boat was the Bishop of Arras, who has long been tracking you, and I am certain that the arrest is made out which delivers you into his hands.”

The Duchess looked round quickly after the speaker, but he drew his head back, and she could discover nothing in the figure which was closely muffled up, but a certain motion of the neck that reminded her of Lord Hastings.

“ It must be Hastings !” she said to herself ;
“ all so exactly agrees. His way to Rome leads immediately through Flanders to the papal legate, Reginald de la Pole ; and beyond all doubt, the object of his mission brought him in contact with the Bishop of Arras, whose designs against the exiles he might guess without much difficulty. I cannot hesitate ! Our die is cast, and we must leave Zant this very night.”

Confirming herself in the resolution thus hastily adopted, she entered the house arm in arm with Sir Richard, and drawing breath for a moment, said to him,—“ My friend, we must not allow ourselves too much time for consideration, for hasty measures alone can save us. We have no choice ; the danger is rushing upon us with the speed of an arrow ; Hastings has informed me of it.”

She now, in few words, discovered to him what had passed; adding, that she would rather hazard every thing than tarry here in uncertainty.

Sir Richard cast a sad despairing look at the helpless condition of the Duchess, and measured in gloomy hopelessness the difficulties of a situation which held out no prospect of safety. Giving way to his fate, he said, "Why should we think of farther flight, when every place exposes us to the self-same dangers? How can we, besides, expect to escape them when we are altogether bound down to the spot which received us in our shipwreck? Whither would you think of flying, Catherine, with your double burthen, the child that you expect, and the child with which you too hastily encumbered yourself?"

The Duchess suppressed the tear in her large bright eye, which she raised triumphantly above her fate, and, with the last guinea in her hand, said with graceful levity; "In truth, dear Richard, if I hold our whole fortune in my hands, at

least we shall go from here with a light foot, and need not fear sinking under the burthen. I fancy indeed no one will be found deficient in strength, whom Heaven has destined to its employment. Courage, therefore, Richard," she added, passing her hand over his sad brow ;—" if darkness be there we shall never find our way, but poorly yield to circumstance."

" You are right," said Bertie, suddenly rousing himself from his dejection ;—" You are quite right ; one way or the other, we defend ourselves against fate and do not fall without a struggle."

The very same hour saw the fugitives set out, Sir Richard at their head, his sword girded to his loins, his hat pressed deeply on his brows, a short cloak on his shoulders, only so much left open that his arms remained free to carry the little Rosamond as often as the Duchess wished to trust her to him. Catherine in a travelling-dress of silk stuff, the colour of which, like that of the velvet facings, was hardly to be

distinguished, looked back from time to time out of her veil and hood on Sarah and Partridge, who had divided the luggage and followed their master and mistress without repining. Gilles was appointed to go before and provide for their accommodation at Wesel, about four miles off, where Bertie had some acquaintances among the Protestants.

The air was uncommonly mild for the time of year, the sky was not so much overcast as to make the darkness an obstacle to the wanderers, and the Duchess walked on with spirit, as soon as she had once got the city behind her, and the open fields offered her a free place of refuge. It was she, too, who always met the sinking spirits and the doubts of her companions with words of encouragement, although she was often obliged to halt and allow a few minutes' rest to over-excited nature. In one of these pauses which became more frequent, the more her strength failed from having been put too much forth at first, they were surprised by a

sudden storm. Heavy masses of cloud driven onwards by the wind, unloaded themselves in pouring showers, against which no shelter was to be found under the leafless trees in the darkness and difficulties of the road. Rosamond cried from wet and cold, and, twining her arms closely about the Duchess, whined so piteously that it went to the hearts of all. The anxiety of the hapless Sir Richard increased into despair, when his wife, almost overpowered with intolerable illness, faltered out that she could go no farther, that her feet refused their service, and all her limbs seemed palsied. And yet it was impossible, in her exhausted state, to suffer her to pass the night in the open fields, exposed to all the influence of the tempestuous weather. He conjured her only for a few moments to yield unlimited power to the mastery of her spirit, and to command nature as at other times she was wont to command circumstance. He appealed to her magnanimity, to her love for him, to all that an intimate know-

ledge of her lofty, decided character could suggest, entreating her to this victory over herself. Catherine smiled tenderly, and, half borne by Bertie, half supporting herself, she dragged along her failing body inch by inch till they saw the towers of the old fortified town, glimmering in the grey sky of night. Till now, Sir Richard had vainly expected the return of Gilles, who had been commissioned to bring them back news of the accommodations they might expect. Utterly unacquainted with the place and its localities, in a state well calculated to subdue all presence of mind, chilled by the wind, and wet through with the rain, and not unlike a suspicious troop of vagrants, the family of the Duchess of Suffolk crept up to the over-arched gates of Wesel, and could scarcely feel surprised when the guard hesitated to let them in, though Bertie, according to his first intention, carried with him his letters of recommendation from England, which he now produced. There was some apparent justice in distrusting such an

incongruous appearance for a husband of the Duchess of Suffolk, who, on the point of laying claim to a great inheritance in Spain, showed himself in his dress and manner of travelling like the meanest inhabitant of Belgium, and dragged after him a suite more calculated to justify the suspicion of forbidden intercourse, than the belief of a noble alliance. Sunk too as the spirits of the Duchess were, she could not conceal from herself that the figures she saw in the lamp-light gliding along the wall were as little like the proud, bold, Sir Richard Bertie, as the beautiful god-daughter of Catherine of Arragon, of whom the nobles of the court had been so vainly emulous. With bending neck, the hat flapping down, the feathers drooping loosely over the disordered hair, instead of a cloak, dangling rags, a crying child in his arms, his long sword at his side, and a bundle of wet clothes and linen in his hand,—such was the wretched figure of Sir Richard as he crept up to the guard and contested their

degrading doubts of the truth of his assertions.

The Duchess followed him with trembling when at last a free admission was allowed them, but still they dragged themselves from door to door, vainly entreating an asylum, and tortured to despair by pains and wants of every kind.

“ I can go no farther,” now sighed the Duchess, sinking almost senseless on the steps of a church, and, convulsively clinging to its pillars, she prayed for something warm to drink. Bertie flung himself beside her quite distracted, exclaiming,—“ Could I refresh you with my heart’s blood, my dearest creature, we should both have what we want, for upon this earth there is no longer any happiness for me. Oh, why, why must I involve you in my misery?”

“ Go, my good Sir,” entreated Sarah, interfering ; “ pray go, and try to procure some sort of help for her Grace. I fear her time is come, and our cares may very possibly be increased by

a tender being that we must not expose to the raw night-air."

At these words Sir Richard sprang up from the ground in terror. He gazed doubtfully at the anxious girl, then cast a wild look of agony at his pale wife, and, signing to Partridge, hurried away with the resolution of providing her an asylum though he should break open doors for it.

It was with this view that he had burst from the portico, when Ralph prayed him to pause here but for a moment. "It is impossible," he said, "that you can leave her Grace so unprotected, for think, Sir, how easy it would be for licentious insolence to frighten her to death in this abandoned state. Pray remain behind, Sir Richard, and keep watch lest any one should lay hands upon your property."

Bertie stared at him; the anxiety, which tortured his soul to madness had deprived him of all clearness of understanding. He asked in partial derangement,—“How! I am to stay

here and see her die ? Barbarian ! can you wish that of me ?”

“ Not so, my dear master ; only do not withdraw from the poor lady the comfort of your presence, and let me try how I can flatter the hearts of men, and force from their compassion what mere duty without that warmer ebullition would never grant to us.”

With these words he left the stupified Sir Richard who paced up and down before the church-door with great strides, as if under the restless impulse of the furies ; the only token of recollection he gave was that he grasped at his sword from time to time, which he held fast in his arms, as if this iron companion was the only one that he could entirely trust to.

This distracted state of mind did not, however, prevent his being roused by a conversation in Latin which came to his ear from the recesses of the columns. As our ideas are mostly associated with those threads that run unex-

pectedly through life without end or beginning, so the spirit of the overwhelmed Sir Richard was immediately roused by these strange sounds. Two youths, scholars probably of the college that then existed there, were discussing together a point of the new doctrines, a subject too immediate to the excited outcast, not to penetrate through the cloud of his sorrows. "Professors of the same faith," he thought,—“young, of fiery spirits as it seems, no less accessible to pity than to the summons to deed and counsel, what would not an ardent youth be capable of when it was to prove his newly-won conviction?” He approached them both, therefore, with confidence, and addressed them in that learned language which they had used as the interpreter of their secret views. A hearty greeting followed the first surprise, and words grew upon words, for the young fancy of two swimmers, newly afloat on the stream of time, is easily winged. Nothing

besides comes so home to the human heart, as the unjust afflictions of one who has suffered through those that, independently of this, we are inclined to consider with abhorrence.

After a hasty explanation of his desperate state, which was no less warmly received, Sir Richard returned to his wife with the consoling declaration that "when the danger is greatest hope is the nearest." Catherine, for answer, presented to him a new-born infant carefully wrapt up in cloths and linen, saying, with a faltering voice, — "Let the boy be called Peregrine, for he is a stranger in this rough land."

"A denizen of Heaven here and there," said the gentle voice of an elderly man, who, coming from behind Sir Richard, laid his hand in blessing on the mother and her child. By the uncertain light of the lamp which he held aside to throw a softer light upon the group, Catherine, looked up at the stranger whose voice, had awakened a doubtful recollection.

The tall figure of a man, somewhat thin, it is true, but strikingly well-proportioned ; the peculiar glance of large brown eyes, overhung by arched brows and an imposing forehead ; the fascinating smile ; the peculiar fall of light-curved locks ; indeed, the whole noble appearance could only belong to ONE, whose name lived too indelibly in Catherine's heart for it not to float in joy upon her lips, at the first look of recognition.—“ Clemens Launoi ! Dear friend of the unhappy Cranmer,” she cried, lifting up her hands to Heaven ; “ the God of love and mercy, the mild God of our faith, has sent you to me in this hour. How else but at his impulse should I find you here ?”

The ecclesiastic, with his sweet benignant smile, shook her proffered hand warmly, and replied, as he respectfully bent over her ; “ How delighted I am to see my wishes fulfilled ; at last I may hope to offer my services to your Grace, and in some measure to repay that dear obligation

which your kindness conferred upon me during those never-to-be-forgotten days in England. It is true, that the humble roof of a poor Wallonian priest, who it is likely will not be tolerated here much longer, is little calculated to protect such noble guests ; but,——”

“ Oh, forbear, generous Launoi,” interrupted Bertie, tenderly warming his new-born son in his bosom ; “ do not let your modesty underrate the goodness with which you received me. How much am I obliged to those excellent young men who showed me the way to you ! Who else would have interested himself in my distress as you have done ?”

The worthy pastor broke in upon his thanks, saying, “ To alleviate that distress as much as I am able, let us hasten to remove the Duchess from this place. I think that we had best get a chair from the near lecture-room of our young students, and carry her Grace to my dwelling. My heart bleeds to witness this misery, and to

see how her sick limbs, stretched out upon the cold wet stones, are exposed to a deadly freezing. For all the world, let us delay no longer," he added, grasping Bertie's hand; "but, while I go to get all ready, do you make use of my cloak to cover both child and mother."

As he said this, he unclasped from his shoulders a dark-coloured cloak bordered with fur, and pressed it upon Sir Richard, who was still holding it in dumb gratitude, when the other, full of zeal and sympathy, had hastened up the street with the lamp in his hand spreading a soft glow about him, and by degrees his noble form melted away into the pale outlines of the glimmer.

"A messenger from Heaven," said the Duchess smiling, as Sarah spread the cloak over her, and she stretched herself out comfortably while a mild warmth diffused itself through her veins, and a complete relaxation of all her energies at length closed her weary eyes. A gentle sleep made her for a short time forget all her miseries;

dreaming of better days, she was soon after conveyed to the humble dwelling of Clemens Launoi, who had taken so lively an interest in her troubles.

CHAPTER III.

“ I SCARCELY recognise you, Gilles !”

Such was the exclamation of Sir Richard a few days afterwards, sharply eying his servant, who stood with pale cheeks and a vacant gaze before him ;—“ You, who used to be the most talkative of your species, now weigh your words, and recall them at the very moment they seem ready to escape you. Tell me, you melancholy fool, what influence it is which squeezes your lungs together so that no intelligible sound can come from you ?”

“ Kill me, Sir,” cried Gilles, with his native vivacity ; “ but do not trouble my conscience more than circumstances have already done.”

His face was strangely convulsed, and he dashed himself at Sir Richard’s feet as he uttered these words, in such wild broken tones that his master started back involuntarily and laid his hand

upon his sword; but, in the same moment, laughing at his own precipitation, he said, with a careless motion of his head, "Stand up, Gilles, and leave these ravings, they make fools of us both; this farce means, at the bottom, no more than that you have been passing your time in taverns looking too deeply into the goblets, and in them have forgotten your mistress and my orders."

Gilles looked up with a gloomy distracted gaze without giving any answer. Sir Richard knew not well what to make of him; and contented himself, therefore, in saying with a sort of half laugh, that "he might go and sleep off the remainder of his intoxication." A transient colour passed over Gilles' face, and he made an angry motion towards the door, but, as if he had suddenly thought better of it, he turned round, and looking doubtfully at his master for a moment, burst out into a loud laugh;—"The devil take these priests, they make a fool of me!"

"Are you mad, Gilles," cried Bertie, now really disquieted at the man's strange unconnected manners.

"No," replied the other, "but I might be if I were to stay much longer in this place. And do you, Sir, leave the town without delay; you have not much time for consideration, for, by Heaven,—" he hesitated; for a moment the words seemed to cleave to his lips; at last he said in great emotion; "I am not rascal enough to betray you, but the Bishop of Arras has spies every where, and the house of the noted Clemens Launoi is not a secure refuge for those who are false to the bosom of the church."

"The Bishop of Arras! What should he do here in Wesel? And how have you got to the knowledge of him?"

"What should he do here?" replied Gilles; "rather ask what he would do here. His arm is long, and links itself with other arms that

form a chain, from which no one will easily free himself who is once fettered by it."

"You speak very confidently, sirrah," exclaimed Bertie, no longer master of his vexation at the perpetual contradictions of his fate. "You seem to me in the secret, and are perhaps even a tool of those mysterious plans of which you know and talk too much not to be involved in them."

"Hum!" replied Gilles, gloomily; "do not you, Sir, draw the knot faster; the noose is only just tied, and I have my neck still at liberty; but Anthony Perrot, Bishop of Arras, the former patron of Gilles Boisy, like him a native of Besançon, the protector of his church, the benefactor to his family, the favourite of Philip of Spain, and through him involved in the religious disputes of England—this most dangerous enemy to all the Protestants—might easily find means to puzzle the conscience of a poor fool, upon whose integrity your safety depends."

“Declare yourself more plainly,” said Bertie, with assumed composure, “if you would have me attach any importance to your words.”

“You had better trust me, and leave alone all explanation, which, in the end, will only tell you what you may easily guess for yourself. Do you remember who was in the boat at Zant, and what warning drove her Grace from there? Your steps were not unwatched, and you only escaped the peril of seizure from their having secured me, as they thought, in a friendly way, and made themselves masters of my brains by all those means which, to save souls, drive souls into hell-fires. I have been allowed to follow you because I promised to pursue you.”

“How? You had not then left Zant before us?”

“I have come thence but to-day, and repeat my counsel,—fly from here before it is too late.”

“Fly? Whither? and by what means? Besides, when the Duchess has had so few days

of rest, who would wish that she should, in her state, ——”

“ No state can occasion her greater disquiet than that in which circumstances have placed her here. Trust me, not a moment is to be lost.”

“ Would you kill her? I very believe all the devils, that follow us, have got into your body. But go, sirrah, and leave me to take care of my own family.”

Gilles bowed in silent emotion, resolved at first to abandon the obstinate Sir Richard to his fate; but his fidelity conquered all other feelings, and he said, when half beyond the door, “ Give wings to your fear, and fetter your suspicion, or you fall else into the snare which the evil one has laid for you.”—And with these words he left the room. Bertie looked after him in doubt. For a time he walked up and down with quick steps, but, the more he considered every thing, the more his uncertainty

increased. Scarcely had the generous hospitality of Clemens Launoi assured an asylum to the poor Catherine; scarcely had she recovered from her sufferings, and the first pressing necessities of the family were silenced, than the most adverse circumstances again threw her out into the wastes of life. "Impossible! impossible!" he repeated frequently to himself, as his excited fancy brought before him more and more urgently the threatening images of the future. "How!" he exclaimed, as if turning in defiance against fate itself—"Are the wretched exiles again to crawl over moor and heath, imploring for admission at miserable hovels, and learning to beg in a foreign language for the most common necessities of life? Never! Never!"

A quick, violent knocking at the street-door suddenly dispersed all these images, leaving but a single feeling, which stood before him like a spectre.—"If it should be true!—perhaps already!—Catherine!"



He stood as if rooted to the spot, all his ideas mingling together in confusion. In the meantime there was evidently something going forward: the hasty footing of men was heard on the stairs; Launoi's study-door was opened, and Sir Richard could distinguish many voices speaking at the same time. It thrilled like ice through his veins, nor had he courage to move from the spot, for the dread of being forced to hear the worst unconsciously lamed his energies. He stood and stared without motion at the door, and thought confusedly—"Now, now they are coming; but first they have to grapple with me, and they shall tear me in pieces before they lay a finger on her."

Was it the last words that went like a sharp knife through his breast! or was it the alarmed spirit that roused him from his stupefaction? Enough,—he suddenly collected himself, and burst into his friend's study, without considering whom he might find there. His wild eye, and the deadly paleness of his distorted features,

lent something so startling to the hurry and vehemence of his entrance, that the by-standers drew back in terror. Clemens Launoi, however, went up to him with an open letter, that he had just been attentively reading, took him gently by the hand, and, master as he was of his feelings in every circumstance of life, composedly said, "It is not for your own fate you are concerned, but for that of the friends you have left behind?"

Richard looked at him doubtfully, and asked, in an absent manner, "The friends left behind? where should I have such? I have heard of nothing."

"I mean," replied Launoi, "the affecting news from England."

"From England is it?—Nothing, then, that has past here,—here in this house?—Nothing concerning the Duchess," he added, in a faint and anxious voice.

"She sleeps between the two little angels," replied Clemens, smiling in deep emotion;—

"and by all means let her continue to sleep. We have come to a crisis which no one could have dreamt of. Thank Heaven for its mercy in having snatched you from the fiery whirlpool that has swallowed up the first and best of your native land."

"So!" exclaimed Bertie, dwelling on the word, and as if in a dream still.

"Yes; the Bishops Hooper and Rogers opened the list of martyrs; Taylor and Saunders followed; in a short time after, Latimer and Ridley; and,——"

"And who?" cried Bertie, anxiously. "Not Cranmer? For Heaven's sake, say, no!"

"I must not deceive you," said Launoi, with difficulty restraining his tears; "the dreadful blow has fallen; but spare me the melancholy details which would harrow up the heart of the most indifferent. Philip's arrival in England has been immortalized with a festival-fire that will burn on unquenchably in the recollections of men."

“ All England is in flames,” cried a younger man, in whom Sir Richard recognised one of the two students, to whom he owed Launoi’s assistance ;—“ All England ;—and shortly the Inquisition will demand its daily victims there, as it already does in the Netherlands. Where now shall silent conviction and freedom of conscience find a home on earth ? Germany is divided in itself, and that which should unite minds in concord, religion, scatters around the incitements to hatred and persecution.”

“ It is so, and is not to be altered,” said Launoi, pacing up and down the room with great strides, with his head drooping to one side, and holding the letter, which contained the sad intelligence, in his hands crossed behind his back.—“ Something,” he added, thoughtfully, “ there must always be to create strife and opposition amongst men ; for what should we be if life stood still ?”

He himself stood still here, looked at all present with his keen, piercing eyes, and then

added—"He, who takes up a decided feeling, must be ever ready in its defence. If all went one road, what room would there be for choice? If you are grieved, then let every thing take its own course. Curious enough, that you should give yourselves out as champions, and should be surprised that your adversaries have hands; but keep your heads and your hearts free, and fear not to address you to the task when the time for it is come."

"Good," replied the youth, "if it were a fair contest, but the enemy lurks behind us with poisoned arrows."

"God forbid! The war is openly declared: Bad indeed, if it were carried on by underhand means notwithstanding. The Christian world is fairly divided into two parties; that is a thing not to be altered. Forward, therefore, that we may meet again, and as to what may be risked by so doing, it must not come into the account."

"What do you think of doing, noble Lau-nol?" asked the other of the two students.

"That cannot be so well decided at the moment," replied the priest; "it must be left to take its course."

On saying this he relapsed into his wonted thoughtful silence; and his pupils, not wishing to disturb him, left the room softly, without calling any farther upon his attention.

Bertie had not long been alone with his host, when the latter stood before his friend, and laying his hand frankly upon his shoulder with an expression of warm sympathy, said, "Cranmer's unexpected death has made a deep impression on you; retain that impression firmly, for we cannot let the important accidents of life fasten too strongly on our minds. An important fate more frequently confounds than fills the imagination; and, to get rid of the unpleasant turmoil, we turn away with the exclamation of 'horrible!' instead of dwelling with respectful meditation on that wherein Heaven has openly manifested its power."

Sir Richard's heart was bound with unutterable pain, but the words of Launoi loosened the bond, and a stream of tears gushed from his eyes. He clasped the hand of the amiable priest in his own, without being able to utter a word for a time ; and at length said, with impatient vehemence, " After all, the noble and the high-minded are here on earth only that they may leave behind in their sudden disappearance regret for their loss, and pain at the unattainableness of all human wishes."

" If," replied Clemens, with a gentle smile, " I were not to interpret your words quite so closely as at this moment you intend them, I should not be inclined to contradict your proposition in the main. The highest was given to us, and again takes from us, merely to keep awake that aspiration which alone urges us forward with irresistible power. How can we wonder that a vision should not be a perpetuity ? That which *comes* must go again ; such is the order of things."

“That which comes must go again!” cried Bertie in deep emotion; “I also must go,—must go hence. The hand of Heaven lies heavy on me; restlessly it drives me and mine from place to place. How have we sinned, that we are exposed to such a punishment?”

“We are all born in the flesh,” replied Lau-
noi thoughtfully. “Who is here exempt from probation? You have eaten of the apple of knowledge, and the fruit grows under your hands. It satisfies none, but he who has once tasted, ceases not to eat of it. Is it strange, then that good and evil should affect your soul so keenly?”

“Yes, keenly indeed!” exclaimed Bertie, who was now incapable of feeling any thing but the unspeakable oppression of the moment. The chaos of impressions, which rushed in upon him from all sides, defeated his powers of thinking, and he stared fixedly before him, and in vain sought for a beam of light in this darkness. Launoi watched him attentively; he felt

that this sickly disposition should be spared, and yet minute was linked to minute, and with their weight dragged on the unfortunate ones into the infinite succession of events. He, however, cautiously observed, " I think, dear Sir, you were quite right in what you said of quitting this town. Since Spain and England have joined hands across the sea, you are as little safe here as I shall shortly be, for the Netherlands are swallowed up in the destructive union ; the Infant has founded his kingdom there, and Anthony Perenot, Bishop of Arras, is in alliance with the bishops of London and Winchester ; the German prelates every where aid his zeal, and a concealed fire undermines the whole land. At the same time my way is not as yours, for I am going without delay to the seat of war. In Tournay I have long been expected ; the community of Protestants there need me, and I cannot hesitate to accept their invitation, but you cannot and must not follow me ; besides, I am not in that pressing hurry which

you are. And now, without at all wishing to inquire into your secrets, I must yet warn you of one circumstance which demands the greatest caution: there is a vague report, in England, of a child stolen or carried off, which they are every where tracking, and which, from the Bishop of Chichester's information, they believe to be in your lady's hands."

"The unfortunate little creature!" said Bertie unguardedly; "I never could reconcile myself to its being with us."

"Measures are taken to get possession of the innocent object of persecution at all events, and they are such as you will hardly escape without the protection of a stronger arm than mine. Follow, therefore, my advice, and turn yourself to the Elector of the Palatinate, the friendly patron of our church, who will find means to secure you an asylum in his country."

"Why do you so suddenly advise me to flight? and how is it you have learnt the secret proceedings in England and their occasions?"

“ Let not that astonish you ; my relation to the present makes extensive connexions necessary. I am well informed, and, believe me, speak no idle words and have no secret designs either upon yourself or your honoured Duchess. But try, my dear friend, to break the state of things to her, and persuade her to that which necessity compels her to.”

“ How can I,” exclaimed Bertie, in deadly alarm at the mere idea of such an office ; “ how can I wake her quiet sleep with this word of terror ?”

“ We will not disturb her as long as she sleeps, but we must catch her looks on waking, and lead things gradually to where they must come at last. Oh, she has a clear head, and will easily unravel the chaos, if she does but undertake it.”

Richard flung himself upon his breast amidst a flood of tears, crying, “ Do you take this burthen from me ! Heaven has intrusted to you more than one soul, and you understand them

even before they well know themselves. Do not then deny yourself to the prayers of a wretched man, who lies broken and powerless on your breast, and is incapable of giving the death-blow with one hand, while he raises up the falling one with the other."

Launoi pressed him gently in his arms, and kindly replied, "Compose yourself, my poor friend; I go to fulfil your wishes, and do you in the mean time collect your spirits, and meet her with courage on her appearance."

During this, Catherine had awaked, and sat up in bed, with the little Peregrine in her arms, and Rosamond before her propt up with cushions. She looked smilingly from one to the other; her heart was moved with gentle compassion for the little creatures; and, as she considered the scanty clothing of the new-born infant, the worn-out finery of the little Rosa, and her own dress, the gift of strangers' charity, she could not repress her anxiety for the future. The room, besides, in which she slept with Sarah and the

children, was so small, so destitute of all ornament and almost of furniture!—there was so little on which the eye could rest with pleasure, and nothing but immediate necessities of warmth and shelter were satisfied! “Yet even for this,” she cried in the first ebullitions of gratitude and inward shame, “even for this, Oh Heaven, praised be your infinite goodness; we live, and feel that thou art near, and what more can the vain heart desire?”

Launoi now opened the door softly, to see if the Duchess were awake, who turned her moist eyes towards him, and said, “Come, dear Sir, and help me to bridle and keep down a temper spoilt by fortune.”

“How!” replied the pastor, “have you not enough already in the probations allotted to you by Heaven? Do you wish for others and more severe?” The Duchess looked at him, first in alarm, and then with a keen glance of inquiry,

“Your words point to some dark mystery, which you would have kept secret, had I not

unconsciously thrown a light upon it. Yes, *new probations*! I read them in your sad brow.—Gracious Heavens!—Richard!—does that, which you would hide from me, concern him?”

“Heaven be praised, I can say *no* to this, and well for me that the worst, after such a terror, must sound gently to your ears. After all, it is no more than that you must again take into your hand the pilgrim’s staff, and continue your wanderings through this restless life.”

A slight spasm of the muscles of her face, the paleness of her cheeks, and the convulsive embrace of the two children, that followed this declaration, imposed a momentary silence on the compassionate Launoi. But she caught his hand, and, grasping it as strongly as her failing strength would let her, said, while her eyes glittered with tears, “I will not shrink in the trial which God has vouchsafed me, and think not, noble Clemens, that an English heart faints at the sight of danger; I may, as a woman, be terrified, but the cowardly blood subserves a

more potent voice ; it flows back with vigour into the veins, exalting the spirit above the common fate of mortality."

Her cheeks glowed as she spoke. She rose from the cushions, and, although a feverish trembling thrilled through her nerves, yet her voice was firm, and her thoughts and purpose collected, as she added with animation, " Let us not waste many words, for I doubt not the affair asks haste ; you would not else be alone here. Richard would scarcely have trusted such an office to any one, even to you, if he had not dreaded the idea of being forced to urge and hurry me in such a moment. *When*, therefore, and whither are we poor exiles to go, my dear friend?"

Launoi acquainted her with as much as the circumstances required, without unfolding to her the details. The image, indeed, of multiplied disorders might be painted by a few hasty traits sufficiently to persuade to flight from the seat of riot and persecuting hatred, without any personal considerations.

Supplied with letters to the Elector, and with as much money for their travelling expenses as the narrow means of the generous Clemens could procure, we find the wandering family on the road to Heidelberg. The Duchess, sitting in a chair with the two children, suffered all the pains which over-excitement and exhaustion at the same time could inflict, while her husband rode a miserable hack, on which besides he was forced to take Sarah before him. Gilles and Partridge walked by them, looking attentively to their mistress, and thus they went on till they reached a little village-inn where they intended to pass the night. It was late when they got there, and they asked for nothing but some bread and a couch, both of which their ready money procured them, and they went to sleep without heeding who else might be in the same room with them.

The morning had scarcely dawned when the wakeful Gilles had got every thing ready for their departure. In the hour of need, valet,

groom, and cook at the same time, he contrived to prepare a tolerable breakfast, while Ralph, who was no novice in the tricks of inn-keepers, bargained with his host for their expenses. He was every where employed about their ways and means, and his orderly understanding would suffer nothing doubtful or perplexed, or what, at least, seemed to him to be so. No less ready than fearless, he was quite at home in the darkness, and showed much more penetration than would have been expected from his large red face, his light eyes, and a certain good-humoured look of wonder that had become a habit with him. Nothing, besides, was better calculated to deceive the natural cunning of people, however sharpened by occupation, than Partridge's simple appearance, which had often in former times made his guests believe they were mocking him, while he was imperceptibly leading them to the point where he wished to have them. In the same way he flattered the restless spirit of his wife with the household-management, while he

kept the money all the time in his own hands, and by this means escaped the snares which she assisted in laying for him.

Two more dissimilar beings could not well be brought together in one relation, than the quick apprehensive Gilles and his opposite, Ralph, who seemed there only to let him go on his own way, while he watched his every step with practised eye and not without suspicion. It had not, therefore escaped him when, on the foregoing evening, a man in a grey dress, a cloak of the same colour, and a broad-brimmed hat flapt deeply over his brows, in a very familiar manner beckoned Gilles aside, who whispered with him, and pointed out the children, whereupon the stranger eyed them, though from the darkest corner of the room. In the night moreover,—when Ralph had, indeed, slept and dreamt a great deal,—it seemed to him as if the same man were bending over the infants, and staring at them with such piercing looks, that they awoke with loud cries; and so much was

certain ; a violent screaming of the children did indeed wake the sleepers, but, when they started up, the lamp, either by design or accident, was extinguished, and no one could tell the cause of the disturbance. From this moment Ralph kept awake ; his suspicion now roused, nothing could appease it so long as its companion, curiosity, remained unsatisfied. With eyes half-closed, but constantly fixed on their object, he watched every motion in the room. The stranger, in the grey cloak, sate at the first break of day in his corner before a table on which his arms leant, his forehead pressed upon his hands, and immoveable as if he slept. Gilles now sprung up from the ground, and, shaking off his weariness and the straw of his hard bed, went about getting every thing ready in the kitchen and stable. The grey man suffered his hand to glide from his brow, and a pale face was lifted up, that, for a moment, looked after Gilles, but, in the next instant, he seemed lost in thought, and a short time afterwards he got up from his

place and left the chamber. Partridge crept after him, but he was no where to be found; but as he now stood thoughtfully at the stable-door, he heard Gilles whistling within as he rubbed down Sir Richard's horse.

"I have done him wrong," he murmured to himself; "he is alone." At this moment a horse snorted near him; and he turned round in surprise to the side when the sound came, when the grey man, one foot in the stirrup, and flinging the other with careless grace over his Arabian, passed by him so quickly that he did not recollect himself till the rider was almost out of sight. He then went up to Gilles, and asked, "Who is that gentleman?" Gilles laughed, and asked in answer, "Who is that man with the haversack, who has just gone out of the door, and hurries on so fast? or rather, tell me what that woman has got in her head, who winks to that young girl yonder and looks so mysterious?"

"You are mocking," said Ralph; "but I know," he added, in that quick decisive manner

with which he often confounded others,—“ I know that you spoke with the grey horseman, and are in his confidence ; your looks betrayed so much yesterday on your entrance into the public room.”

“ My looks ! on my entrance into the public room !—Why, I hardly knew that I had eyes when we found ourselves at last safely under cover.—And of what metal are you, friend Ralph, that after such a forced march you could think of any one but yourself ?—To wade through these marshes for eight hours together, now called by her Grace, now by Miss Sarah, here to lend a hand, and there to do some other service, and that till late at night.—Zounds ! I may have winked when the lights within burst on my eyes so suddenly ; for I was so moped, and deaf, and blind, that I very likely made fine faces when you fancied you had caught me dealing in secret signs.—Ha ! ha ! my noble expounder of winks and nods, the superabundance of your wisdom has again made a fool of

you. The poor grey horseman! For what do you take him, Master Ralph?—If it should be an emissary of the English conclave, how then? He has recognised you, recognised you at the first glance, for he has often been your guest. —Don't you recollect him?"

"Go to the devil with your jeers," said the other, enraged; "but as sure as my name is Ralph Partridge,—"

"Ralph! Gilles!" cried a voice from within.

"Ha! Sir Richard!" said the volatile Frenchman, and with three steps was in the house.

"I swear I'll find it out," muttered Ralph between his teeth. But he had no longer time to dwell on such thoughts, for the family was ready to set out, and the utmost activity of the two servants was in request. Sarah had a thousand things to remember and to find fault with, and it was by no means easy to please the spoilt Abigail; while her mistress, contented with every thing, quiet, and full of self-denial, looked for-

ward with a cheerful face to a day of anxiety and exertion.

Strange enough, after they had gone a little way, they perceived the grey horseman, at a short distance from them slowly pacing up the road. The Duchess, who had not observed him till this morning, and who, attracted by his melancholy manners, the concealment of his face by the low-flapt hat, and the noiseless, ghostlike way of his coming and going, had suffered many fancies to take possession of her, now observed him more attentively. He seemed to remark it and took himself off, but he was soon visible again and continued to be their companion; so that at every lodging for the night, where he constantly arrived before them, he had all the appearance of belonging to the party, without their having exchanged a syllable, or being allowed by his silence the slightest approximation. Ralph spared no pains to get at the bottom of this mystery; but the other had a manner about him which, baffling

all hasty experiments, disarmed craft as well as presumption. At last, however, being always on the watch, he succeeded in surprising the stranger, when thrown off his guard, by a sudden burst of emotion ; it was in a turn of the road not far from Heidelberg, which went down a steep precipice that filled the Duchess with terror for the children. The sudden halt, and the vehemence with which she let down the glasses, stretching out her hands through the window as if to implore the aid of her companions, so strongly affected the grey man, that with a hollow groan he spurred on his horse, and made it plunge a few paces forward to the chair ; but, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he drew in the reins, and turning to Partridge, who stood near him, exclaimed.—“ My God ! the Duchess ! —her children ! ” and as Ralph only looked at him in wonder, without making any reply, he suddenly wheeled about and disappeared in a neighbouring thicket.

“ Was it not—Yes ; and yet I know not ?—”

But Ralph might reflect as long as he would upon those features, so strange, and yet so familiar, he could form them into no fixed and perfect recollection. Meanwhile the Duchess had alighted. In a sort of timid confusion she handed the little Rosa to the nearest person, and, herself carrying Peregrine, took her husband's arm and hurried on to get over the dangerous ground.

After having taken a moment's breath, she called out to her servant, "Sarah! what have you done with the child?"—"Here," replied a hollow voice; "here is the pledge which Heaven trusted to your hands, and which you delivered to mine without observing it. Keep the child as a dear inheritance from—" His voice failed him. With indescribable emotion Catherine took the little one from the arms of the grey man, who had left his horse behind in the thicket, and now stood beside her. She endeavoured to see his face; he turned away, but in the next moment bent his head close to her's, and whispered a few words into her ear, at

which she seemed to be highly delighted; yet before she could utter a word he had mounted his horse, and galloped off.

“That was no other than Hastings,” she exclaimed confidently, seizing hold of Bertie’s arm, who made a hasty movement of anger, and entreating him to let the horseman go his way without molestation.

Ralph could make out nothing of the conversation that passed between his mistress and her husband, in spite of the nearness into which he had been led by his zeal; yet he thought that he might conclude thus much from what had happened,—namely, that the suspicious grey companion nourished no hostile designs against them, but was rather to be considered as the tutelary spirit of the family. Out of this he spun many a fable, completely entangling himself in their web, without getting a jot nearer to the bottom of the business, when Gilles gently tapped him on the shoulder.

“Master Ralph, do you perceive nothing?

We are gradually getting out of the direction of the high way. This road does not go to Heidelberg. What, I wonder, is the meaning of it?"

Partridge looked up in surprise and was not a little alarmed, when, going up a narrow path, they approached a wood, the gloom of which had nothing very attractive in a time so fruitful in adventurers and vagabonds.

The Duchess took her place again in the chair, Sir Richard and Sarah preceding her, and the two men following. The mirth of Gilles, increased still more by Partridge's ill-humour, exhausted itself in jokes at the cost of the latter; no sooner had they entered the wood before them, than he drew up close to Ralph, and, looking about with pretended terror, said, "Let us keep together, my friend, for I fear this thick wilderness conceals some owl-faces, that shun the daylight; we may chance upon more companions than would be agreeable, and make acquaintances that we by no means wish for. If I

mistake not there is something creeping mysteriously amongst those trees, as if it intended to fall upon us from its ambush."

"You may happen to be right," replied Partridge, grasping him by the arm in his usual rough way, and turning him to the opposite side, whence there really did appear two very suspicious figures; the one, an elderly man, armed with a sword and halberd, of wild exterior, seemed as if he belonged to some band of mercenaries to which he might be conducting the young fellow that hung on his arm, whose fierce appearance announced the vagabond at the first glance. Gilles was not altogether deficient in courage, yet the sight staggered him, and he said, somewhat confused, to Ralph, "The devil, Master Ralph, yours are rough jokes." But scarcely had the last word past his lips when the loud singing of many coarse voices burst upon them from the wood, a signal that was answered in a thundering bass by the old soldier. Upon this

Sir Richard pulled in his horse, and let the chair come up with him that he might be ready to protect the Duchess and keep off these adventurers, Gilles redoubled his speed, and Ralph stopt to break off a very decent sized branch, which he cleared of its twigs as he went on and polished into a formidable weapon of defence. Nor was his labour without its use ; for he was but a few steps from the chair when it was threatened on the side by a whole troop of mercenaries, while Bertie opposed himself to the daring impudence of the two first comers. A more painful situation than that of the Duchess could not well be imagined, with both the children in her lap, shut up in so close a space, stunned by the cries, threats, and execrations of the horrid figures that surrounded her, and following with anxious looks the progress of her husband ; he, who was on one side driven to extremities, and on the other encumbered by the clinging and shrieks of Sarah, at last rushed

desperately amongst the horde, cut down all that opposed him, and yet without seeing any end to his danger.

The unhappy Catherine in the meantime sank upon her knees, and carefully laying the screaming children on the seat of the chair, bent over them, and covered them with her body, while without there incessantly resounded exclamations of "Knock the infernal chest to pieces; drag the woman out and lay hands upon her treasures; they are rich exiles from England and must not go unplucked."

"Unlucky Hastings," sobbed the Duchess; "what way have you directed us? Was it your treachery that has thus driven us on to our destruction? are these the friends that awaited us in the shelter of the forest?"

She scarcely dared to lift up her eyes to the barbarous rout, and was almost deafened by the uproar; still the voice of her husband, his loud authoritative exclamations not to touch the chair, Gilles' broken cries whenever he struggled

against the advance of his opponents, Ralph's hollow bass, not much unlike the tones of a woodman, and all those familiar sounds, which betoken resistance or near defeat, would at times make her look up involuntarily, but only to hide her face again in the cushions at the next fearful yelling of the furious horde.

Love and revenge inspired Bertie, and his sword flashed like lightning over the heads of the adventurers. Many already lay wounded on the ground, but the superiority of numbers was too great, the zeal of rapine was equal to that of despair, and time wore out the strength of the unequal combatants. Sir Richard's horse was bleeding, and if it fell, half the opposition was over ; Gilles could scarcely keep his feet, faintly defending himself with his back against the chair, which the bearers did but just manage to balance in the pressure from every side, and the moment was at hand, which threatened to disarm him.

The wood now echoed with the shouts of

exultation; Bertie's horse was fast sinking under him, while Partridge's failing voice only half replied to his cries of desperation, and the Duchess, no longer mistress of herself, stared at the combat without consciousness, when the ill-timed shouts called to the spot a troop of travellers. Several horsemen rushed forward as if on the wings of the wind. The combat began afresh with renewed fury, but as the rest of the party came up, and the advantage of numbers was on Sir Richard's side, fortune soon declared for the latter by the flight of an enemy who was by no means inclined to risk his life in vain.

Towards the end of the fray, a tall man, of commanding appearance, made up to the chair, and, before Bertie could hasten to it, had taken out the swooning Duchess. It required a few minutes only to bring her back to herself. On a gentle declivity, and exposed to the mild current of the air, she soon opened her eyes, and their first glance fell upon the stranger.—“A-Lasco.”

she cried in astonishment; "You! and were you the friend that expected us here?"

At this moment Bertie rushed up, breathlessly, and embraced Catherine, with unutterable feelings of gratitude and delight at seeing his dearest good on earth thus rescued from so imminent a peril; for her only he had eyes and ears, and scarcely trusted either, when after the first burst of joy, she named their protector and pointed him out where he stood with earnest looks considering the unhappy couple that but a year before he had seen at Castle Barbican in splendour and security. Suppressing his emotions, A-Lasco addressed the Duchess with a gentle voice:

"I am on the way with this little troop to my native land, where the reformation has found a silent refuge. An unfortunate king, of too feeble a temperament, tolerates without directly protecting it, and if you will trust yourself and yours to my guidance, I can promise you they will find a home in Poland. Sigismund

August weeps for his young wife; how then could he deny his sympathy to the fate of a young pair, in such sad extremities?"

He paused here, as if waiting for Catherine's answer, and continued after a short silence,—
“In pursuance of the secret intelligence of unknown friends, I have not only waited to-day for you in this wood, but have already taken preparatory measures for your favourable reception in Poland. The King is informed of your unfortunate circumstances, and, I doubt not, he expects you with impatience.”

“Impenetrable destiny!” sighed the Duchess;
“whither is your wild flood driving me?”

She lifted up her eyes and hands to Heaven, and for some minutes remained in this position as if lost in the darkness of existence. By her side stood Bertie, holding her hand in his, while his looks seemed to say, “Delay not, Catherine; our days are numbered; let us save without wavering the few that Heaven may have allotted us.” The Duchess turned to him with

an earnest gaze, and rising from the turf on which she lay, exclaimed, "Well! I am ready!"

She said not another word, but with deep emotion receiving the children from Sarah, took her place in the chair again; and, from this time forth, continued without any opposition to approach the borders of a land misplaced by her fancy into the regions of fabulous darkness, where the barbarous wilds would rather inspire the soul with horror than with any comfortable hope.

CHAPTER III.

Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap.—SHAKESPEARE.

THE tepid airs of spring whispered through the woods of Barbican; its leaves waved like a green sea, while the crimson, morning-clouds were sailing rapidly above it, the harbingers of the bright day, which already darted a thousand glittering rays through the young branches. And soon the cheerful call of the huntsman's horn announced that life was waking to the dawn. Dogs barked, horses champed, the bit impatiently, the pawing of their hoofs resounded through the leafy arches, and the voices of men were loud.

Suddenly there appeared from amongst the

green leaves a slim horseman, his falcon on the wrist, galloping merrily in advance of a noble hunting-train that moved on slowly in regular order. The youth's silver-edged mantle, of amaranth-coloured silk, floated lightly to the breeze, and, like those purple rays which precede the sun, shed a brilliant light on the figure which it adorned. Moving the hat a little from his brow, and turning to his companion, in a voice of sportful triumph, he said, "Take care, or I shall be the first to get her salutation!"

"Impetuous boy," replied an elderly man, with a look that betrayed more indulgence than severity—"do not rush into any follies, but think rather of showing yourself before the Queen with that respect which propriety and custom demand. It will not be long now before she comes. Curb, therefore, your forwardness, or it will lead you beyond the place assigned for you."

"My place!" said the other, laughing confidently; "I think, my good Sir, it is not that

behind the fat nag of the castle-chaplain, which you think fitted for me. I tell you I have found a place nowhere, and once, for the jest's sake, will look a little at that by the Queen's side. My uncle Dudley is there often enough, and why should not I?"

"*You are a Dudley,*" replied the other, earnestly—"a race as daring as it is unlucky. Forget not that."

"Why does my father so unmercifully check the spirits of young Essex?" said a deep melodious voice in the train of hunters. "The morning is clear, and why call up the clouds of night?"

He, to whom these words were addressed, considered the young speaker with silent satisfaction. It seemed as if he read in the dark, melancholy eye, that showed almost too gravely under the blue feathers and the diamond agraffe of the velvet hat, something very different from what he had just heard. With a smile he said, "In truth, we do not altogether trust to your

sixteen years' knowing exactly how to husband the good moments of life, or keeping yourself so under curb, as not to go beyond the hour which is yours."

"Ah, Ralph," sighed the youth, with mingled discontent and sadness; "he who is constantly driven along from one step of life to another by the rapid whirl of time and circumstance, naturally struggles after any stay, and catches at what he can. But enough of this: Let us take heed to my father; he is afraid lest any impropriety should offend the delicate feelings of the Queen, for his reverence and gratitude towards her know no bounds. In truth, Elizabeth has few more devoted hearts in England than that of the faithful Sir Richard Bertie."

"And you, Peregrine?" asked Ralph, in a tone of distrust—"Are you less devoted to the great Queen? Is your name the type of your sentiments, and are you really a stranger in your native land?"

A deep blush suffused the youth's face. He

cast a rapid, angry glance at the speaker, and a wrathful answer trembled on his lips, but he restrained himself, and said, "Go on, Ralph; you mean it well, though you misunderstand me."

The old servitor hid his confusion under a cunning laugh, saying, that "Peregrine, in his distant manners and melancholy pride, was as like King Sigismund of Poland, as one drop of water is like another. But," he added, "you were his darling, constantly about him; and one always catches something of our patrons' manners. I shall never, as long as I live, forget you riding to the chase by his side, on your little Lithuanian, assuming as much state as if you were the heir to Poland. Oh, how time goes! How long is it since we have been here in England?"

"What?" exclaimed Peregrine, starting up absently—"How long we have been in England? Yes; truly, good Ralph, I have past but few years in my paternal castle; there has been no end to the continual driving to and fro

and the unsettled life of our family. First, my mother consulted and negotiated about our leaving Poland; then anxiety for my father urged her to follow him to the Netherlands; and how much lies between the day when the summons to England's exiles fell into our hands, and the present hour, when we might fancy we had never left it."

At these words he dropt his head with a painful smile, so that the over-hanging feathers shadowed his face,—perhaps to conceal a tear that stole from his eyes. Ralph repeated his "Yes, yes; how the time flies!" while, with stolen glances, he watched the secret emotions of Peregrine, and then went on in a tone of regret for his lost good cheer—"Those excellent fellows, the Netherlanders! Gracious Heavens! there were your cheeses! and the hot Spanish wines they made prizes of from the Spaniards! Oh, I shall never forget those days. But still it was well done of your father to take his way thither. He wished a little time to pass

over the new Queen's entrance upon government, and at the seat of war to earn his seat at home. Right! quite right! For with the throne, as at the inn, a man weighs nothing but with the sword in his hand. At Havre and Dieppe he fought like a lion; it was not his fault that both places fell, while the plague swept off the soldiers, and subsequently half London. It brought sorrow enough into your house!—The sweet child! that it should have died so!"

The youth stared at him, as he said this, like one who is thinking of other things, and can give no distinct form to the overwhelming current of ideas.

"The fair Rosa, I mean," explained Ralph, who thought he had not been understood.

Peregrine shuddered involuntarily; the blood rushed up into his face, he made an aversive motion of the hand to Ralph, and turned away his head, as if it were painful to him to meet the eye of another. At the same time he gave

him his hand, and shook it with a warmth that showed the inward struggles of a mind that vainly endeavoured to master its feelings.

“Peregrine!” cried Sir Richard, beckoning his son to come forward, and he was immediately at his side. The father considered him awhile with friendly earnestness, and said—
“Listen, my son; you will see the Queen to-day for the first time; endeavour to please her, for a whole life often depends on the impression of a moment. Subdue your dreaming disposition and those unequal ebullitions of a capricious temper; learn betimes to conceal your feelings, to keep your thoughts sacred to yourself, and train your face to that appearance which is intelligible to the world, for he who assumes a mysterious carriage, is either laughed at or pushed aside. Your beardless chin and clouded brow agree but ill together. What, besides, can the brief experience of a growing youth have, of so sad a nature, that his complaining eye should speak only of lost happi-

ness? Does he set so little value on affectionate parents, a peaceful country, and a mild monarch, that he must for ever weep the loss of a young companion? Go, Peregrine; let me not think that you please yourself with this sentimental part, and put it on for show only, to conceal under it a sluggish imbecility?"

"Father!" exclaimed the youth, glowing up to the eyes; "how could such a thought come into your head?"

"You gave it to me yourself, son; and whatever may seem unnatural in it, ascribe to the dissension in your own mind. Let that be a lesson to you, and chase away the clouds which the sun of a female eye can least endure."

Here he was interrupted by the cry of many voices at the same time, "the Queen! the Queen's train is at hand! The clouds of dust rise thicker and thicker in the direction of Tilbury, where she past the night after the review, and whence she set out early."

"You may see," said another, "the golden buckles and the rich trappings of the horses glittering in the sun-beams; the rays from them glance down the heights towards the wood, and, before we can get out of it, the Queen will be there."

"Don't let us delay then," exclaimed Sir Richard, plunging the spurs into his horse's side; and, raising his arm to those behind, he cried out, "Sound, huntsmen! Let the merry horn echo through these green halls, the wood of Barbican be alive to receive the Queen! She finds all ready for the hunt as she ordered."

"Give way," said Peregrine, in a commanding tone, breaking through the order of the procession to follow his father. "By Heavens! I will not a second time deserve the reproach of sluggishness. The prize of the hunt is mine, or you do not see me again amongst you."

"How he flies out," said Ralph, shaking his head; "they should not bait him so! He re-

strains himself with difficulty, and if he once breaks out, they'll not get him again. Poor fellow! I know well what it is that pinches you; no one knows better; but he's a rascal who would let a word of it pass his lips."

CHAPTER IV.

UPON a green plain, overshadowed by broad-leaved beeches, stood Elizabeth. Before her on the grass lay a white hart, held down by the well-taught dogs, while Peregrine, on his knee, his looks fixed on the earth, presented his hanger to the Queen, that she might end the torments of the poor animal. She took the knife with a courteous smile, and while she caressed Essex's falcon on her hand, said, " Indeed ! so young a sportsman, and so expert in the customs of the chase ! You must have long followed the vocation ; and I would advise you to exchange it for the duties of a soldier."

With these words she signed to Peregrine to rise, and then looked round the circle for Essex, who, expecting this, was immediately at her side. She addressed him in a short quick manner,—“ Mark me, friend ; the falcon is mine ;

it has taken refuge with me, when you carelessly suffered it to fly; for it seems that the creature is more considerate than yourself."

"More fortunate at least," replied the youth, with a modest smile. "Perhaps your majesty will not so readily pardon me as the falcon, if I venture to say that its flight had only taken the direction of my thoughts, and that the teacher deserves the credit of the lesson which the pupil has executed."

"You are artful and elegant in your justification," said the Queen, laughing; "that is the language of the Dudleys; I know it well; you'll make your fortune in the world, I'll answer for you. But we talk here," she added, turning to Bertie, "and let the Duchess wait for us. The chase is at an end. You, Sir Richard, will, I suppose, conduct me to your castle; and you, young Essex, may for once play my equerry. Go, and bring my horse hither."

While Essex flew to obey her orders, she stood with her back against a tree, rocking herself to

and fro, and her eyes fixed keenly on Peregrine, as if she sought to unriddle something in his features that she could not understand, and at last said, "I intend to surprise your mother with an unexpected guest; the young Lord Willoughby of Eresby will accompany us to her."

She paused as if expecting Peregrine's answer, but as he only looked at her with open inquiring eyes, she laughed, and added, "Give me your arm, my Lord; and we will hear if the Duchess have any objection to your bearing the name and rank of your grandfather."

"My son!" exclaimed Bertie, catching Peregrine by the hand in the first ebullition of joy—"My son! The remnant of my life is not sufficient to deserve this grace; be you the inheritor of my debt as of my gratitude."

"Enough! enough!" cried the Queen, advancing a few steps in a slight fit of impatience, and with her outstretched hand forbidding all farther thanks. "I am not so disinterested as you may think; I must lay chains upon

you wanderers, or the continent will again tempt you away from our island ; and even if I might trust to approved age, who will answer to me for the wildness of youth ? for by Heavens ! the new lord looks to me as if he were but just now reconciled to his country."

Elizabeth again laughed, as she said this, with the conviction that she had exactly hit upon the truth ; but, to change the conversation to something else, she said with returning gravity, "I can understand, Sir Richard, a young man's desire to offer his arm and sword to the Netherland champions across the water ? But come," she added, mounting a beautiful Andalusian horse, a present from Philip ; "Come ; I will tell you the news I have received this morning in my letters from Utrecht."

On saying this she flung herself with ease and dignity into the saddle, and, receiving the reins from the hands of Essex, laughed and said, not without evident signs of satisfaction, "I would wager that you had been instructed by your uncle

Leicester ; it is easy to see by your manner that he has been your model."

Essex bowed with humility, while his wanton eye could not conceal the inward tickling of successful craft and malicious triumph. As he rode at some distance from the Queen by the side of Peregrine, he whispered to him, " Luck to us ! It seems to me that we get on quickly when we know how to keep her company. By my troth she is a woman like all other women, though she carried ten sceptres in her hand instead of a fan. Only see now, I pray you, how carelessly and impetuously she urges the horse into false paces ! My uncle Northumberland was wont to say in reference to her, women ride as they conduct business, wildly, and pressing on to their object without considering what lies in the way betwixt them and the moment. In their quick fancy all resolves itself into one image, and, fortune or misfortune, they give themselves up entirely to either."

Peregrine looked at him in astonishment,—

“ You have attended narrowly to your uncle’s words, and have learnt by heart the catechism of female foibles, as if you were to account for them. But look to yourself; you may blunder notwithstanding such a guide.”

Essex carelessly tossed his handsome head, and Peregrine continued, “ How was that with your falcon? It perched with as much confidence on the Queen’s hand, as if it had been at home there.”

“ The last might well be,” replied Essex, in a manner that left it doubtful whether he spoke in jest or earnest. “ The wise bird has a better memory than Elizabeth. Fancy that the falcon had belonged to her, and that she gave it long ago to my uncle Dudley,—that he, spoilt by better gifts, surrendered it to his importunate nephew, who has this day tried his luck with it,—and then you have the whole mystery of this little stratagem which has occasioned me many friendly words, and, if my good fortune

will have it so, paves me the way to fame and honour."

"How! You had gone through this interlude of the falcon with yourself beforehand, premeditated all, and executed it with purpose? You must have reckoned accurately that——"

"That it would fly to the Queen when I loosed its jesses," interrupted the other. "Yes, indeed, I knew of nothing that would so certainly gain me her attention as this sporting with her fancy. The idea that even irrational creatures are urged to seek protection with her, by a natural instinct, flatters her pride, and ——"

"No more of this; I do not like to hear you pluming yourself on the craft of others. All this came not from your own brain; the few years, that you count more than I do, have never taught you these tricks of stale experience. You are too fiery to reckon in this manner."

“ And you are too monotonous to understand any tune but your own,” replied Essex, laughing. “ But—” and he pointed to the horsemen who were in advance—“ the train halts, and there is a press about the Queen; something unusual is going forward; we will ——”

“ By no means; my father signs to us to stay behind.”

“ And if Elizabeth herself should forbid me to approach, I would still see what the matter was. I am burning with curiosity.”

With these words he flew over the space like an arrow from the bow, and pulled up behind the Queen, just as the latter bent down from her horse, and addressed, with a sort of half laugh, a black fantastic figure, while the visible emotion of her features betrayed the conflict and anxiety of the mind within. By degrees the looks of all were fixed on the strange group in surprise not unmixt with terror. Elizabeth in green velvet, embroidered with gold, with rich necklaces, clasps of im-

mense value, her royal forehead, hid under a hat, the waving feathers of which at the same time distinguished the sovereign from all others, sate gracefully and boddly on her tall Andalusian, glittering with his trappings, while close at her side, standing by a thin, grey horse, that bent its neck to the earth and with the skeleton of a head kissed the ground, was a little pinched-up figure, in a faded, black silk cloak, that hung in tatters from his shoulders; in his hand he carried a knap-worn hat, fantastically tricked out with mourning flowers, and he looked up laughingly at the Queen, congratulating himself on still finding her alive. "He had long been ill," he added, "and during that time had been much troubled by a bad dream. He was perpetually seeing the Queen upon the scaffold, on the steps of which he fancied himself standing, delivering the black baize, to cover it with." At these words Elizabeth changed colour more than once: She thought of her mother, of the fate of so many

English queens; and though the idiot laugh about the man's distorted mouth, the vacant stare of his dim eyes, and the involuntary twitching of his features, left no doubt as to the real state of his mind, yet she could not help feeling alarmed at this unwelcome reminiscence of the fragility of all earthly grandeur.

"Who are you, poor fool," she asked, not without an audible trembling of her voice.

"Your Majesty should know me," replied the other; "I was with you in the Tower; the handsome Dudley, who is present here,"—and he pointed to Essex—"can witness so much for me. But only think; I saw his head struck off;—yes, faith and troth, I saw the bloody trunk as they carried it past the Queen."

"Away, away with this dreadful idiot!" cried Elizabeth. "How came he here? Who is he? Which amongst you knows him?"

"An please your Majesty, I can tell you all about it," said Ralph, who, during this, had approached the unhappy being with signs of

pity and wonder. "The poor fellow is the child of honest parents, and was well known as a pedlar in the surrounding counties, under the name of Herbert."

"Ralph! What, the deuce, Ralph!" cried the maniac in a shrill voice. "Are you come back again? Have you heard? they burnt your wife, although she did side with the Catholics! Ah, they murder every one here! The poor sweet Jane! They said she was to pass through the wood to-day; but that's false again! Ah, Ralph, the world is bad; it even mocks a poor wretch like me—Shame! Shame! What tricks are these? Here they have been dressing up a strange woman, and want to make me believe it is the Queen of England; go along with you, I am not to be taken in so. Never, never, shall I forget the beautiful Jane! And no other, I swear to you, shall wear England's crown; it is for that I carry a sword!"

Now He made a quick motion with his hand to the side where he thought the weapon was, and,

not finding it, looked up to Ralph with a silly laugh—"Rogue, have you hid it?"

Elizabeth now turned away her horse and rode on quickly with assumed courteousness by the side of Sir Richard, who, passing over the circumstance lightly, pretended not to see the impression it had left upon her. "The fellow," he observed, carelessly, "had always been of a weak brain, according to Ralph's account. He had been forcibly enlisted amongst Northumberland's troops, and a blow on the head, which he had received from one of the guards, on the Duke's apprehension at Cambridge, had completely deranged his senses."

"It is much more probable that he has been touched by Jane Grey's execution," said the Queen. "This lady seems to have made a strong impression upon him: But," she added, with a feeling of self, "there are examples of female eyes having occasioned such mischiefs, and since it appears to be so with him, we will take care that the melancholy fool may

feed in quiet on his fancies. Essex ! Do you go and show him that you wear your head still, and say that the Queen invites him to London ; let him be escorted thither, and taken into custody. Singular enough that he should recognise the family features of the Dudleys even in this youth."

Infinitely taken with this likeness, she entered the gates of Castle Barbican.

CHAPTER V.

THE long table, at the upper end of which sat the Queen on an exalted state, was set out in the armorial hall of the Lords of Willoughby. Here were seen the arms of the most powerful race in England, carved in stone upon the walls, and amongst them the knights with their shields and mail, so represented as if they stood there actually alive, and ready, as in former times, to draw their swords in all love and duty for faith and honour. Elizabeth, leaning her head upon her hand, looked round well-pleased on the steadfast forms, the pillars of this house, who had served and governed without reproach.

At her side respectfully waited the young Lord, for this time performing the functions of first chamberlain to her Majesty ; while the Duchess, with secret pride, watched every move-

ment of her son, whose modest zeal and noble bearing were well suited to the new dignity with which Elizabeth's favour had decorated his blooming youth. Absent and entangled in the flattering ideas of the future, she lent only half an ear to the unwonted life about her. But Sir Richard undertook to entertain the Queen. Since Peregrine had entered into the ranks of his maternal ancestors, they seemed to have become more a-kin to Bertie himself; and with visible satisfaction he recounted to Elizabeth the history of their deeds, or if his memory at all failed, that of his son was prompt to fill up the void. When the name of Suffolk was mentioned the Queen took up the word, and, graciously turning to Catherine, said—"The Suffolks are too nearly allied to the house of Lancaster for me not to know as much of them as yourself. Sir Charles Brandon was a brave man, Duchess, and you have as little occasion to be ashamed of him as I have; but I would for a trifle that the

daughter were of another race. By Heavens, this Francisca is a bad weed, that brings destruction amongst her kin. She has infected the house of Dorset, too. Three brothers she has driven to the scaffold, and even now she does not cease to set the fourth upon us."

"It was a blooming race, that of Dorset," said Lord Burleigh with design. "I remember having seen the mother of all these sons, the Marchioness, officiating as a second god-mother at the christening of your Majesty. She could hardly have supposed at that time, when she implored Heaven's blessing for the new-born daughter of her king, that her son's crimes would stain the holy bond. She was a worthy lady, and deserved to be mother of a happier race. They say that her grand-daughter's death was the occasion of hers too."

"Tis well," replied Elizabeth. "So she escaped the sight of later and more bloody incidents: yet I thank you, Cecil, for reminding me of that important hour which incorporated

me with the Christian faith. It admonishes us of the frailty of human nature, as of the Divine mercy. We are sinners, all. Let the last of the Dorsets live, however great his offences have been against myself. I think," she added, laying her hand carelessly upon Catherine's shoulder, "the right of the Suffolks to England's throne will be best refuted by royal magnanimity."

"The Suffolks," replied the Duchess, and not without pride, "bear too much of the royal blood in their veins to mistake its superior nature, even there where it has disarmed them."

Elizabeth examined her with a keen but momentary gaze, and then suffered the conversation to turn upon other subjects;—and it was only after a short time that she asked, somewhat pointedly, "Is it long since you have seen your daughter?" but, without waiting for the answer, she added, "I heard something of her lately, though I can not recollect precisely what

it was. Help me out, Cecil; did they not talk of some mis-alliance of the Duchess of Suffolk?"

"May it please your Majesty, there is a report abroad, that the niece of Henry the Eighth has secretly concluded a marriage with her equerry."

The Queen bit her lips in anger, and a general silence at the table gave it plainly to be understood, that every one felt a double meaning in Burleigh's speech. Some whispered to each other a few indistinct words, while Essex, in his thoughtless way, softly said to an elderly man—"it was doubtful which wounded the Queen most in this two-edged thrust,—the reference to that dreaded relationship with the Suffolks, or to her own connexion with Leicester, who was also her equerry and favoured in secret." The experienced courtier shook his head at this bold declaration of the youth's, without letting his face betray any share in such remarks.

It was perhaps fortunate for the harmony of the day, that this momentary excitation was

interrupted by the arrival of a courier with a packet for the Queen; she broke the seal hastily, and read though its contents with great attention; immediately upon which she folded the papers together in a hurried manner, exclaiming, "By my life, important news!—Duchess, your old persecutor, the Bishop of Arras, spoke a true word when on hearing of the execution of the nobles in the Netherlands; he asked anxiously, 'but have they got rid of THE SILENT ONE?' and receiving an answer in the negative, coolly said, 'Then they have done nothing.' This SILENT ONE, the restless William of Orange, has driven the Spaniards from the north of Holland; Zealand, Guelders, and Over-yssel are free, and have openly avowed themselves of the Protestant faith. I told you this morning, Sir Richard, that Duke Alba miscalculated in moving me to close the English ports against the houseless Netherlanders. It is true in deed, that thence they might have done great damage to the Spaniards with their shipping,

but the consequence of my compliance has not been less prejudicial to his country. The fugitives established themselves on the island of Briel; Fliessingen submitted to them, and a naval power is formed which may assist Nassau and Orange, and with their united forces easily put an end to the Spanish rule there."

Elizabeth spoke this rapidly upon the impulse of feeling, and was silent for several minutes in deep thought, perhaps to observe the impression the news might make on those who were present. She then resumed with calm earnestness; "Here religion must supersede all other considerations; or truly, if we did not recognise in William an instrument of Heaven, this deed would make him a rebel. The interests of church and state are here strangely mingled; it is not always easy to keep our sight and judgment without bias on such occasions."

"It seems to me," replied Secretary Walsingham, "that the brave prince, even in a worldly

point of view, must be acquitted of the charge of rebellion. A German prince, of the House of Nassau, a French vassal by his dukedom of Orange, he acknowledges but in a partial manner the superiority of Spain. As the friendship of the great Charles fettered him to that country, so the hatred of Philip has driven him beyond his limits. He sees life, freedom, and, what is of more importance than either, the purity of his faith in danger, and resolves to dedicate to Heaven a kingdom that he has forced from human tyranny."

"It is, however, a dangerous thing to yield the upperhand to *opinion*," said Burleigh. "If he once goes armed amongst the multitude, he soon, from a servant of Heaven, becomes an impudent innovator, mocking all discipline and order, overturning thrones, and seducing less conscientious monarchs to a breach of trust and their own degradation. Can we overlook that Catholic France supports the heretic against

the brothers of his own belief? Who does not know that Nassau and Orange levy troops against Spain with French gold?"

Elizabeth, who wished to appear not to have heard these words, sided with Walsingham, as, turning to him, she said; "You are perfectly right; the Duke is descended of a line of German princes: the father was a Count of Nassau, the mother a Stolberg. At Dillenburg he was educated in the Protestant persuasion. You saw him, Sir Richard, did you not?" she added, addressing herself to Bertie.

Sir Richard replied in the affirmative, and observed; "I have never met any one who produced upon me such mixed impressions. The calm repose of his exterior, his unembarrassed decisiveness of tone and manner that are ever unforced and natural, yet, not for a moment betraying his real thoughts—these form a strange contrast with that involuntary life-breath of the inward nature, that something which constitutes the spiritual atmosphere of man,

in which the soul's antitype floats colourless in transient outlines. It is not to be comprehended in words, but the feeling has it without knowing it."

"And do you, in this case," said Elizabeth, "call the exterior appearance at variance with the real man? It seems to me that both only give the perfect idea of a lofty and collected spirit. The Prince has no views that he would conceal by little artifices; he has no object for which he would live or die. Thus, at peace with himself, what should disturb the unaffected security of his manners? People often hold that conduct for dissimulation which is only collected and resolved."

"The Prince," said Burleigh, "has taken the school of fortune, as of misfortune, to be strictly impenetrable to the eyes of others. It is said of him, that when at the English court, he was allowed to be in the same room with the audience of foreign ambassadors and to be there, under the mask of childish simplicity,

made remarks with which in after times he surprised his protector."

"Not altogether so," replied the Duchess. "With the great Charles, as with the Prince, people attribute that to design which might only have originated in chance. William is of a silent nature; it is not in his disposition to open himself to every one: Heaven has so constituted him; but we collect confused ideas from a book imperfectly understood. I know the Prince in his domestic relations, in the circle of his family, at the table of his friends, and believe me he has a warm heart, and no head is more brightly inspired by the wine than his. He enjoys it with pleasure and with freedom. But, the fact is, we consider great stars for the most part singly; we do not measure them in their relation to the whole, and therefore to us they are nothing but lights and not worlds."

Peregrine cast a tender look of surprise at his mother, and in his expressive eyes might be

read,—“None understand the depths of the heart as you do.”

“You speak my sentiments,” said the Queen, and rising from her seat she added; “Come, Duchess; we must have a few minutes’ conversation in your chamber. You have got much to tell me of your sojourn in the Netherlands, of the friends of our church, and other things of notice; for we have only talked together casually since your return to England. You estrange yourself from the court; London has hardly seen you twice in all these years, and if I did not come to you I should be quite forgotten. In truth we are almost strangers; I see your son for the first time to-day, and Sir Richard has never even spoken of him in my presence. Is he your only child?” she asked, fixing her eyes upon Peregrine, but, without waiting for Catherine’s answer, she added; “Methinks I heard of a daughter whom you took abroad with you, or—was it not so? There was a strange story pre-

valent at the time, which I hardly recollect. Where is the little one? Is it not with you?"

"She was torn from me," replied the Duchess with downcast eyes.

"The destructive plague"—said Sir Richard.

"Not a word of that," interrupted the Queen,—"The child is dead then. I meant not to trouble your feelings. Come, come, let us talk of other things."

Peregrine was yet standing with folded arms and looking thoughtfully after both, when his father called out in an earnest voice, "Where are your thoughts, Lord Willoughby?"

"In the Netherlands," replied the youth, warmly; "Sooner or later the war will take us thither."

Sir Richard pressed his hand: both were silent, but they had understood each other.

hand, and something hovered about his lips that looked like complaint, but which melted away in a gentle smile. The Duchess considered him

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN, at length, the evening came and the Queen had departed, and Sir Richard remained by the fire in the great hall conversing earnestly with some of his hunting companions, Peregrine softly stole into his mother's chamber. She had long panted for this moment. Not a single confidential word could she say to him during the whole of that bustling day, and yet so much lay at her heart, and, above all, his new relations to the court and to his country. And now he stood before her with so much modesty!—his unembarrassed mien, his soft bright eye, expressed no vain ambition; his heart, filled with unquenched desire, sought her with such filial devotion!—In the overflowing of her emotion she flung her arms about his neck, and, fixing her eyes upon him, could only say, "My excellent son!"

Peregrine imprinted a warm kiss upon her

hand, and something hovered about his lips that looked like complaint, but which melted away in a gentle smile. The Duchess considered him attentively.

“What would you say, my son?”

“That you are so heavenly good, and yet so cruel?” replied the other with vivacity.

“Peregrine! Already the old strain again!”

“You know how that subject afflicts me, and why will you always harp upon it?”

“Because it often pains my breast so acutely that I must utter it, that I cannot help speaking of it to some one; and since you know not any means of alleviating the torment, at least do not blame me if at times its out-breaking should trouble you too?”

He was silent; his mother held his hand with her eyes sadly cast to earth. “The Queen,” she said in a gentle voice, to pass over to something else;—“The Queen distinguished you to-day by the most friendly esteem, while she seemed to merely laugh at Essex.”

“And yet he entirely dedicates himself to flattering her humours ! But I am not calculated for her ; I am not calculated at all for the relations of life which I have this day learnt to know.”

“My son,” replied the Duchess, smiling ; “At your years it is generally bashfulness that makes a man so philosophically cold amidst the motley crowd of life ; the full enjoyment of society will come of itself with increasing confidence. How can you expect, at only sixteen years,—”

“Always reckoning my years !” interrupted Peregrine, discontentedly ; “Is then time to be measured by days ? By Heavens there lies so immense a space behind me that I can scarcely compass the extent of its circumstances. But to whom am I saying this ? To one who has experienced a far severer fate than I have, and yet retains her youth in mind as well as body. It is you, dear mother, who have spoilt me. The idle jesting, the multitude of words, the

forced wit, the hypocrisy with one's self and others,—I cannot bear all this without a sensation of shame that drives the blood upon my heart. Even as a boy, by the side of the good King, I have felt at times my cheeks burn in witnessing the conversations, the falsehood, the profligacy, and the baseness of human nature."

The Duchess gazed on him silently in deep emotion, and after a pause said, "Do you know, Peregrine, that it is the intercourse with the King which has made you thus gloomy, and the melancholy manners of the country have given this dark colour to your imagination?"

"That may well be," sighed her son; "I often used to see the noble Sigismund weep in silence, and when I caressed him, and asked the reason of his grief, he would take me in his arms, kiss me, weep over me, and say,—'Ask not, my dear child; you know not what it is to carry a broken heart in your bosom.' And he was right; I fancied to myself a thousand things on this subject which I never could reconcile

with the King's restless activity, and his passion for the chase. But when Gilles said his dark way,—explained the meaning of those words by Sigmund's unhappy history, concluding with, 'This is always the punishment when, unmindful of our duties, we obey the heart?'—Oh, then I shuddered in every limb, and was as if on the rack whenever the King came to the castle. The first time after I had heard the heart-rending narrative,—I remember it as well as if it were yesterday,—the poor monarch appeared to me quite another sort of being. He rode that day a black horse; it reared hard; the wind swelled out his mantle, and the feathers drooped down from his cap; he saw me standing in an upper room; and raised his arm as a sign that he would take me upon his horse; but a cold shudder came over me and I seemed to see his death-mistress lying in his arms. The rider and his horse looked to me like spectres; and it was not till the King spoke that I recovered myself; yet even then his voice sounded strangely,

and I thought of other things than what he was speaking of. In those very tones he had despairingly invoked his beloved wife—my heart throbbed, and I gazed fixedly on the King, who laughed as if nothing of all this had happened; and carelessly asked, "What is the matter, child?" I did not know what to make of him, but since then I have always wept with him when I found him alone weeping in the evening twilight. Strange enough, too, how often have I and Rosa played the unfortunate couple in our sports! First the beautiful child was crowned, our playmates knelt to her and took the oath of fealty, then—"Peregrine paused a moment, but soon continued, looking earnestly at the Duchess—Then she lay stiff and motionless. I would rush to her with the cry of 'She is poisoned!' pressed her warmly in my arms, and when she had acted her part too naturally, so that terror drove from me an unwonted exclamation, she would start up smiling, with both arms about my neck, and half in motion, half

in anger cry, ' For shame, Peregrine, it is but a jest ; how can you think that I—' "

Struck by the word that he held back, he now stood speechless before the Duchess, covering his face awhile with both hands. Catherine addressed him in a tone of gentle reproach.—

" My dear son, why do you purposely torment yourself with images that pain your heart ? Is this the tone of feeling which you carry in to your new relations with the world ? Does the day, which has made you a peer of the realm and the heir to a great property, deserve to end so mournfully ? What, I pray you, has again so violently shaken your self-possession ? Why do you fling those old melancholy shadows over the first bright moment of your youthful career ? "

" Because the Queen's question has penetrated to my heart, because I repeat it and no one gives me a better answer than you gave Elizabeth. Is she dead ? really dead ? Can you, mother, with unchanging face say ~~was~~ to your son ? "

" Lord Willoughby seems, in the presence of

his mother, only conscious of his elevation," interrupted Catherine with displeasure. "He looks down upon her and hopes to compel what he would not have asked for in vain, if such a consolation could have been given to him. His own impatience cannot be more desirous to receive comfort than the anxious love of his tender parents is to yield it. Peregrine," she added, in a tone of grave rebuke, "These are the dreams of your boyhood, which are making a spoilt child of you."

"My dear mother," exclaimed Peregrine, covering her hand with kisses; "Do not be angry with your son; your loving heart has always received his complaint kindly. Forgive me if the changeful feelings of this day, which have so violently shaken my mind, have made me also violent in my manners. Put up with me as I am, and help me to understand myself. I confess to you, I cannot get rid of the idea that Rosamond still lives hid in some remote corner of the world,—that my father, and, forgive me, mother, and you too

could not bear the orphan, the mysterious foundling, to be so near your son. All has been changed in me since you, by way of consolation, dispelled the erroneous idea of my weeping for

a sister, and I learnt that my tears were flowing for a strange maiden. I was then twelve years old; Rosa, the same; one sickness had prostrated both; I alone recovered, but regret for my companion threatened my health anew, and you long consulted with the Grey Man, who often sat by my bed-side, and the result was, that you thought to benefit me, and divert my fancy to other things by hinting at the mystery which threw this shadow over my mind."

"If you knew, Peregrine, how much these recollections pain me, how uselessly you afflict me, you would let that rest which cannot be remembered, without grief to both of us. I

assure you I cannot tell you more than what you know already, and why should you vex me with questions and explanations which occupy your mind so unreasonably?"

"My good mother," answered the youth smiling; "you have said more than you intended, I may confess that I know more than you would tell me."

The Duchess coloured at these words, and with a face that vainly affected indifference, asked — "You know? — You must have got your information then from some vision."

"Yes, indeed, a vision; for Gilles Boisy always appeared as indistinct as a vision, and he has vanished one knows not how nor whither."

"What would you with him?" said the Duchess; "You are raking up the past to-day as if the old and new existence could be in life united. It is in vain? the old is buried and must remain so. Time, my dear son, has taught me to forget much, and you also will learn the lesson of oblivion."

"It may be," replied Peregrine thoughtfully; "but as yet I do not understand it. At all events, recollection never dies, for look; — after

weeks and months have passed in which I have only thought slightly of the sweet girl, and her dear image has faded away into a pale shadow—even then it needs but a breath of air, or the perfume of a flower, and days return, feelings are renewed, ideas revive that I had long forgotten, and the old form of life is with me again, Let no one say, therefore, that THAT is dead which he feels living. But to come back to Gilles; there was to-day, in the Queen's suite, a man who wore his mantle just as he does; and when he turned with his profile to me, there was something so like in the play of his features and the motion of his hand, that I thought I saw the living Boisy before me. With his image came the recollection of all those troubles which he had helped us to go through, and how he watched over me one night when I was ill, and, bending down to me, softly whispered; 'Don't weep so; the little one lives, and you'll yet see one another again.' I was as if stunned by the words; my

tears stopt, but when I wanted to know more of the mystery, and pressed him earnestly, he made as if he said nothing, and I had been only dreaming."

"And so you had, no doubt; believe so, and drive these deceitful fancies out of your head."

"Believe so?—How lightly such a word flies through the air, and how heavily it falls upon the heart?"

"No more, no more;" cried the Duchess anxiously; "Your father comes; I hear him in the ante-room. Do not, I entreat you, mingle any after bitterness with the joys of this day."

"I will rather go and avoid all unpleasant discussion; and, besides, Essex intends leaving the castle to night, and I am to accompany him a part of the way. I do it with pleasure; a ride in night and darkness speaks more to the soul, and brings it more to rest, than a forced sleep in warm beds."

"Go, then, my dear son, and return with the morning as clear as the morning."

She embraced him in great agitation, but avoided his inquiring looks, and exclaimed;—
“Quick, quick, if you would not grieve your father by that look of trouble.”

He pressed her hand with averted face, and, by a side door, slipped out of the apartment.

CHAPTER VII.

For a time Peregrine rode silently in the darkness by his young kinsman, who did not seem inclined to break the universal stillness, but nature, on the contrary, was so much the louder. The beautiful spring-day was succeeded by a turbulent evening, and from moor and meadow pale vapours arose, which collected in the air, while the hollow murmurs in the tops of the pines, and the shrill-cries of the night-birds, announced the approaching storm. Soon there was a breaking and crashing in the forest, as if the earth were sundering; as if the deepest roots of life were being riven, and a grave dug beneath the feet of the passing traveller.

"We had better return, Essex," exclaimed Peregrine, with his back for a moment against the increasing storm, and drawing his cloak more tightly about him.

"Return!" said the other, laughing—"By Heavens! I would just as soon be felled to the ground by the storm, and there lie, like those young trees here in the forest. No, no, my good friend; *forwards* is the word. I tell you," he continued, exalting his voice, as if to bid defiance to the storm,—“I snuff the scent of powder in the air. Trust me, war is no longer far off, and he is wise who looks about for a place betimes. The Earl of Leicester's present absence points at some secret mission, and, if I am not mistaken, the news that the Queen received to-day was from him.”

"Things have not yet gone so far as you imagine," replied Peregrine. "Elizabeth will not break so soon with Spain."

"Poh! Break or not break, she'll always side with Orange."

"Don't holla that too loudly for the world to hear it."

"Here, at least, walls have no ears; and if you would frighten me with the spirits of the

wood, I know a spirit that defies all others. And this is he, my friend, a child of daring, who can always repair his mischiefs."

"Always?" said Peregrine—"but suppose it as you say," he added, drawing up more closely to Essex; "what difference can it make to you whether you reach your father's castle to-night or to-morrow?"

"Only that I should know my fate four-and-twenty hours later. My thoughts fly across the sea, and if my uncle, Dudley, remain at the helm, we shall not want a secure harbour. By my troth"—and he drew up his neck more proudly, and turned his face with a secret delight to the fury of the storm,—“By my troth, the blood seeths more hotly in my veins whenever I hear the heroes named, who, at my age, had long since fleshed their maiden swords. Those were the times, Peregrine! when a young man sided with one or the other party, raised his own standard, or followed the colours of some one more powerful than himself. Then

were the feats of arms! the fame of an individual outweighed gold, and the latter was often flung away to win the former, whereas we waste the time in schools, weary ourselves with the chase and running at the ring, and cheat our noble aspirations with sports and May-games. War! War! By Heavens! Peregrine, I burn to look Alba in the eye—Bethink you,—the eye of Alba! If you feel as I do, come with me. Nassau and Orange are raising troops for the freedom of the Netherlands, but it is all one what they fight for; that's the man for me who dares to enter the lists with the greatest soldier of his time. Come, Peregrine, I'll present you to Leicester; he will not, he cannot deny two such youths as us. He must feel what they may be to the good cause,—ay, what they are already.”

Peregrine shook his head and withdrew his hand. Essex continued,—“How? do you scruple to believe my words? You hesitate. My Lord Willoughby has no wish to win his spurs.”

"Essex, the night is wild; your brain, hot; go to sleep, and let me know as soon as possible whether Leicester solicits the Queen's permission for us to fight under William's colours in the cause of the Protestant Netherlands."

"Leicester solicit? And why the Queen? Or why ask at all for that which we can take? Who can call the sea his own? We sail across the water and are free."

"Good night, Essex," cried Peregrine, and turning his horse about, he galloped through the wood as if to fly from the overweening madness of his companion.

"Hear me," shouted Essex after him; but the storm made the rest of the indignant exclamation inaudible.

"Fool! obstinate fool!" repeated the echo distinctly, and the screeching of owls mingled with it like the sounds of laughter.

"Fool!" said Peregrine to himself, almost doubting whether he did not deserve the reproach, for the thought of arms and war had

taken complete possession of his soul, that yet trembled from its former agitation. "If," he thought, "if my father,—he loves Orange,—Elizabeth too wishes to fix him in her interests.—Fool!—To fix Orange in her interests! And how? By two boys, who would make their first essay in arms! How much the heart can deceive itself."

At this moment he shuddered involuntarily, as his horse started back at some unseen object in the darkness, and rearing and snorting, refused to budge from the spot.

"What's the matter, foolish brute," said Peregrine, collecting himself, and dexterously bending so as to meet the back of his horse as the animal rose; he would soon, without doubt, have mastered him, had not a figure, rushing by at the instant, grazed the horse's side, which immediately reared bolt upright with his rider, furiously beating the air with his fore-feet, and threatening every moment to fall backwards.

"Who is it?" cried Peregrine, heated with

anger and exertion; "Who is it creeping about here so mysteriously in the night? Stand, whoever you are, or by Heaven I'll cut down the first that crosses my way again."

The horse, finding the bridle loose, stretched out his neck and rushed onward so furiously as well as suddenly, that Peregrine was thrown upon his neck, but he soon regained his seat, and exclaimed—"Ha! if you are for throwing me off I'll give you the spurs and we'll hunt this gabbling which has caused the quarrel between us." He was just going to keep his word, when a cry of terror struck his ear rather than his heart, for it was the tones of a man's voice that seemed to steal from lips quivering with terror. He bent downwards a little to the side whence the sound came, and seized the withered arm of a man who trembled all over, and who was dumb to his repeated call of "Who are you?" but it seemed less from obstinacy than from inability to reply. At length, of need, came out the words, "Let me go on my way, I conjure you."

But Peregrine, who had been so much excited by the events of the day and had been filled with a sort of dread by this strange being, was too anxious for a closer knowledge of him to let his prey go again so easily. He said, tauntingly, "Your way? Well, then, we'll go your way together."

With these words he leapt from his horse, and grasping the figure firmly,—perhaps to be certain it was corporeal,—and with the other hand leading his horse by the bridle, he hurried on in all the wonted impetuosity of youth. He had not, however, gone far, when the stranger, recovering his composure, exclaimed resolutely, "Go on, drag me to the scaffold! I always knew that it must come to this, soon or late, and here it is! Well; I do not fear it."

"Man!" cried Peregrine, pausing in deep emotion; "who art thou?"

"A tool in the hand of Providence, which it can break at its pleasure, when and where it will," was the calm reply,

Peregrine knew not whether it was shame or generosity that suddenly softened his feelings and inspired him with gentler sentiments towards the unknown; but he said, in a voice much milder than before, "It is not my intention to harm you, yet your mysterious manners would have excited suspicion with any one. Why should you hesitate to make me acquainted with the object of your nightly wandering?"

"You are very unjust," replied the other. "Can you tell what reasons I may have for my silence, whether important or otherwise? And, besides, what right have you to inquire into my secrets?"

The youth, confused awhile by his stern impressive language, and with the conviction that he had no common man before him, said, with some hesitation, "Perhaps you do not know that you are on my father's manor, and I have a right, therefore, to inquire into the purposes of any one who is loitering about here. My suspicions, moreover, are justified by the words

you let fall in your alarm just now, and I ask you what you meant by saying 'the time was come that was to lead you to the scaffold?'

The unknown paused awhile in silence, when he drew a concealed lantern from under the wide folds of his upper garment, and, turning the full light of it on Peregrine, said in a tone of superiority, "You are young; the darker passions of age yet slumber in your bosom; and though your eyes are blind, you yet can feel as a man. You are, besides, of knightly birth, and can as little wish to attack the defenceless as to destroy the persecuted. My habit," he added, after a brief hesitation, and watching every change in the youth's face as he went on, "my habit betrays my rank to you without any farther explanation. I am a Catholic priest. The ban of the heretic Queen would drive us out of England, if we thought like your Protestant divines, who saved themselves and abandoned the brethren of their faith. But we live only for the execution of our duties, and as long as there is but one

upon this infected island, who professes the true faith, that one must not live or die without the holy rites of our church. You meet me on the road to a dying woman, who desires the consolation of the sacrament, and my way, though dark and mysterious, was yet not dark as yours is: I am guided by a light that is extinguished for you; and, therefore, it is you mistake a servant of the Lord, and stop his way though each of his steps is anxiously counted by an overburthened soul. And now, if you detain me any longer, be it at the risk of your future damnation or salvation.

"How!" replied Peregrine, "do you dare to exercise your functions here in despite of the Queen's commands? Do you live amongst your enemies, and thus expose yourself and the customs which you will not abjure? Who, I pray you, in this general excitement, this just indignation against the bloody persecutors of Protestantism, will give shelter to a Catholic priest?"

“Heaven’s roof yonder, which is of the Lord,” replied the ecclesiastic; “these tall, protecting trees, and these hard rocks, which open and hide the outcasts in their dark caverns, they too are for us! Be sure, the faithful children of the church will not want a home, though all doors were closed against them, as, alas, the obdurate hearts of this perverted world have closed them. In the labyrinths of the woods, in caves, or inhospitable moors, our knee bends before the image of the crucified, and the Holy One, whom we do not invoke in vain, watches over us for our protection.”

“Go,” said Peregrine, after a moment of agitated reflection; “I am not your judge; do as you can: the world is not eternity, and all error is but for a short time. May God, therefore, look with mercy on you as on me! Go! I have not seen you;—but hide the light in your lantern, for there has been much traffic on the road to-day. Quick; hasten to the unfortunate, who waits for you.”

"I fear," replied the Priest, "that I shall be too late. The sick woman was expected to die many hours ago; and even if death should be delayed by the prayers of the pious till now that she looks for my presence, she may yet fall under the unequal strife, when she finds her hopes disappointed."

"You grieve me," said Peregrine, looking anxiously at the darkness which made it impossible for the feeble old man to get on with any speed. "You grieve me much! It will be a reproach to me for life, if I have to think that I increased the pangs of a dying person. Can you trust me? I will willingly take you on my horse, and bring you as quickly as possible to the place of your destination."

The Priest looked at him with a quick but piercing glance, and then said hastily—"I trust you!" It seemed as if every thing, for the moment, depended on the fulfilment of his wishes, and as if this were of still more weight with him than the danger to which he exposed himself.

"The changeful Lords of England—" he said, mounting the horse with the assistance of his protector—"the changeful Lords of England don't stand on too much ceremony with their religion, and it may easily flatter your pride to show generosity to an enemy."

"Do not attribute to my actions any other motives than they really have," interrupted Peregrine. "If you cannot comprehend them, trouble yourself no more about the matter, but thank Heaven that you get off scot-free."

From this moment the conversation was broken up between them. Peregrine began to weigh the strangeness of his situation, the illegality of his conduct, and the necessity of concealing it from his father, if he would not be a traitor to him who had received his pledge of secrecy. The farther they went the more painful grew these contending relations, and he now repented the precipitate haste which had led him from an unjust aggression to an assistance so repugnant to his feelings. The Priest, on his

part, did not like to break the silence from fear of a discovery on the high-way, and, besides, his restless mind was occupied by various reflections.

In this way the two ill-matched associates went on in silence till they reached a remote house, the fore-court of which was faintly lit by the glimmer of the fire within. The Monk looked out from his cowl, and, pulling Peregrine gently by the arm, said, "This is the place;" whereupon the latter leapt from his horse and helped off his unknown companion.

"Farewell," he cried to the stranger, who slipped in at the half-open door, and, forgetful of Peregrine in his anxiety, asked—"Does she still live?"

A similar feeling of sympathy for the sick person kept Peregrine listening for a moment before the wretched hovel. In eager expectation of the answer to that inquiry, he stood with his head bent forward in the direction of the door that had been left open, but the heavy

step of the person who came forward to receive the Priest, made the brief answer unintelligible, and the latter then went on to the sick person, in an inner chamber.

The window had been left open to let in air, as is often the case with a person who has long been struggling in the death-throes, and Peregrine's feet involuntarily bore him beneath the opening, when he heard a feeble voice, saying in French—"I know nothing of that dreadful death; at that time I was not with the Queen,—it was not till she was flying from Glasgow,——"

"Good, good," interrupted the Monk; "and since she has been at Tutbury, your son Gilles regularly brought the letters, which——"

"The last," stammered the dying woman, "lies here, underneath my pillow. Take it, my Lord Bishop, before it falls into other hands."

A rustling of papers told Peregrine that the Monk had followed her directions, who then

anxiously asked, "When was your son last with you?" The answer was indistinct. "Did he reveal nothing to you about that mysterious child? And do you believe with the Queen that it is Jane ——"

The death-rattle now grew so strong with the dying woman, that not another word was intelligible, and the Monk began to pray aloud. Peregrine stood rooted to the spot, repeating to himself, as if in a dream—"Gilles!—Gilles' mother! What mysterious child is it that she knows so much of?"

CHAPTER VIII.

Lost in deep thought, Peregrine yet stood there with his arm leaning on the horse, and his hand resting on his head, and looked with downcast eyes into an endless abyss of wild and stormy feelings. Meanwhile all had become quite quiet by the dead in the chamber within. Probably the Monk rested a few minutes from the exhaustion of his forced travel; and, besides, he could not well find a more secure refuge than that which protected the dead body.

The day now broke, and the cold breath of the morning air was on his forehead. He shuddered; the thought of the dead awoke him from his dreams, and he gazed on the cottage which stood there in the twilight, so black and ruined, impressing his mind with the image of lowliness and poverty, as of vicissitude and decay.

The heavy tread of its owner, who was probably a Catholic, and, as such, the protector of the dead, was now heard again, and Peregrine became alarmed at the idea of being detected at the door as a spy and listener; he mounted his horse, therefore, hastily and, recollecting that he had a long way yet to Castle Barbican, spurred him into his quickest paces.

On getting home he found all in that hurry and bustle which unexpected and important guests cause in every family. He must have been later, too, than he had imagined, for the servants bustled to and fro through the hall, carrying up the breakfast, and there was a cry of "More dried fish and butter for the Netherlanders."

"Ha!" said Peregrine to himself—"does the wind blow that way?" But he did not like to appear, for the first time, before the strangers in his present disorder; and, besides, he had many reasons for wishing to speak with his mother

beforehand, but, on asking after her, he was told that she as well as Sir Richard had been since an early hour with the strangers who had come in the night, and were earnestly conversing with them by the fire-side in the great hall. The desire of knowing more of the guests stimulated Peregrine to very minute inquiries, but he got little satisfaction from the imperfect statements of the bustling servants. For the most part occupied with waiting, they observed little of what past beyond their own sphere. Peregrine turned away discontentedly from them, uncertain how the next moment might present him to the strangers, when Ralph Partridge, who had long since been exalted to the superintendence over kitchen and cellar and was now rather warm from the early drinking and his broken sleep, crossed him with the exclamation, "Ah, is it you, my melancholy night-adventurer? By the Lord, you have taken time for your journey! Well! what say the eyes? Have you got the secret from them? But what's the

wager you know as much as nothing? You are in the same plight as we were, and the fairing came to us in a dream. Such a fairing too! The whole castle full of guests! and guests, my Lord, who seem as if they would carry off half England."

"Oho!" said Peregrine, pleased with the frank humour of his old friend; "the strangers eat and drink too much to please you?"

"They are amphibious as ourselves," replied Ralph, visibly taken with his own conceit;—"amphibious, my dear Sir, for they are as familiar with the fluid as the substantial."—And he shook with laughter, as he made a motion towards the cellar.

"Stop a minute," cried Peregrine. "Tell me who these hungry and thirsty souls are."

"Who are they," replied Ralph;—"Ah folks of quality,—of very great quality," he added, in a drawling tone, which was meant to show the full extent of his respect. "Then you don't know yet? You have seen no one

Go in, my dear Peregrine; go in; go in; the dead sometimes come to life again!—Those who have been long believed dead.”

“Those who have been long believed dead?” exclaimed Peregrine, vehemently. “For Heaven’s sake, Ralph, what do you mean?”

“Why, in truth, that’s more than I well know myself,” replied the delighted Partridge—“but can’t you guess?”

“Do you help my lazy memory?”

“Don’t think of such a thing; it’s not to be told so lightly. It is a secret; but go and see yourself. He has grown very old; but a noble fellow still, that must be allowed; he opened his last bottle of Tokay at your christening. He has the heart of an angel—of an angel,” added Ralph, as he turned the key of the cellar-lock, and carefully descended the steep stairs.

“Now, then, he is as good as buried for the next hour,” thought Peregrine.

He hastened to his chamber, dressed himself; and in a short time entered the hall,

gazing anxiously on the guests who sate at breakfast, and who, engaged in conversation, did not perceive him at first, till an old man of lofty stature, stroking the hair from his forehead, and half in doubt, half with a smile of certainty, turned his eyes on him, with the exclamation—"That can be no one but he!" At the same time the stranger rose from his seat, shook him warmly by the hand, and at length, overpowered by his feelings, pressed him to his heart.

In the mean time the Duchess had joined them, who immediately saw her son's confusion, and that no appearance of strangeness might chill the old man's warmth of emotion, exclaimed, without allowing Peregrine time to answer,—
"My dear son, our friend is restored to us through a miracle,—that friend whose benevolence breathed life into your infancy. The deeply-lamented Launois, whom report had numbered among the victims of the Inquisition, but a few months since came out of his prison at Tournay

into the light of the world, to which he anew dedicates his best energies!"

"Reverend Sir," said Peregrine, deeply moved; "that I never could see you, never express my gratitude and admiration, has always been with me a subject of bitter regret whenever my mother has spoken of you, and however frequently and warmly I urged her to such relations.—You really are alive! are here in Castle Barbican! and I can tell you how much I honour you?"

"My good young friend," replied Launoi, "you give me back again what I once lent to you, a new life by sympathy and affection. Nothing does one so much good as the warm love of a noble heart. I have forgotten my chains and imprisonment since I have lived amongst the noble souls to whom I will now introduce you, convinced that in so doing I shall render your youth as great a service as I once did to your helpless infancy by food and fire. These," he added, turning to three stately men, who had

courteously risen to greet the son of the house, "these are the Counts Bergen, Hochstaaten, and Kuilenburg. They come to seek of England's great Queen aid and protection for the Netherlanders in their enterprise. If their design succeed, Lord Willoughby will hardly be the last to join the colours of the Prince of Orange."

"We have crossed the sea," said the hasty Bergen, who loved to come to the point at once—"We have crossed the sea with the actual intention of recruiting. Our object is no less known than our zeal, and the breast of the youth, as of the man, is open of itself to the call of freedom; words are not needed to it; the blood of Egmont, the blood of so many nobles, cries for revenge. The tyranny of the Inquisition, Alba's lust of murder!—where is the heart that does not shudder at their mention? Where the arm that does not convulsively raise itself in opposition to such monstrous cruelties?"

Peregrine stared at the Count, but without any sign of sympathy.

"Not so," said the Count of Hochstaaten, interrupting the vehement Bergen; "Our object is not to allure England's noble sons into the fiery whirlpool of our war; we come only to give a neighbour-state, that holds the same opinions with ourselves, an idea of the situation of the Netherlands, of the oppression and the hopes of an unhappy people who have been submitted to the Spanish yoke, not by nature, nor choice, nor inclination, but by a marriage inheritance."

"A people," interrupted Kuilenburg, "that is to close its ears, suppress its living spirit, renounce its faith, and follow a stranger's will as just good enough to be a dowry for a daughter."

"You do not answer," cried Bergen, impatiently confronting the modest reserve of Peregrine; "do you disapprove what the council of wise men, what a hero like Orange, have decided?"

"My view of the matter," replied Peregrine,

blushing, "cannot in any respect have a value in your eyes; nor should I, with my inexperience, even venture to mention it before you. Permit me, therefore, to listen to your words that I may thence learn what I ought to know."

"That is not so much our object," rejoined Bergen, "as to blow the sparks which lie dormant in every one."

"Here, in England, you will not find it necessary to fan the flames of war and honour, and, assuredly, no hand will be idle that is armed by the Queen's summons. We fight, then, at her command, and shall nowise deceive the expectations of the noble Netherlanders."

"Heaven keep us from every shadow of injurious doubt," exclaimed Hochstaaten hastily; "we willingly believe that the weal of the church lies as near the hearts of our brothers in faith as it does to our own. England has sufficiently declared itself to all Europe by the election of a Protestant Queen."

“ By the election of a Queen !” re-echoed Peregrine, while the blush of shame and anger were strangely mingled on his brow ! “ Here, with us, we do not allow of any such right of election ; hereditary right decides, and if THAT did not speak for Elizabeth, by Heavens, she would not sit on England’s throne from any other right.”

“ That right, my good youth,” said Bergen, making light of it, “ speaks in many tongues. If we look to the variable doctrines of your Lords for the last twenty years, we shall find that they were at one time in favour of Jane Grey, and at another of the Catholic Mary, as now they are of Queen Elizabeth. There are many, too, even now, who adhere to the Scottish prisoner, and others who are hunting after a child of Jane’s that is said to be exposed in some remote corner. Little is requisite to arm thousands for these real or imaginary personages, and if Mary even in her prison could con-

trive to bring the heads of Norfolk and Northumberland to the block, the Suffolks may also find the way to English hearts."

"You do well," interrupted the Duchess with mild earnestness, "to try the fidelity and obedience of one whom you would enlist as your soldier. And you, Peregrine, have nobly stood the proof," she added, giving her hand to her son. "The Prince, I should think, would be satisfied, and reckon on none that fight under his colours more securely than on those who follow them at a higher command in the submission of a subject."

The Netherlanders agreed with the Duchess, yet something like a cloud of discontent passed over the brow of Bergen, who turned the discourse, not without bitterness, on the Spaniard's government, on Alba, and on the oath which droye him and Orange from their country, breaking out at last into "Oh, that Egmont had followed us!"

"Heaven forbid!" cried Peregrine un- guardly; "He died so great and so unsullied!"

"I think," said Kuilenburg, sensitively, "we LIVE neither little nor sullied! It had been much easier for us to die without an effort, lamented by many, than to struggle at once against regal tyranny and popular arrogance. People generally look at a thing, which concerns others, but superficially in its reflection on external life, and content themselves with an image, though the most important, the reality, is wanting."

"You speak justly," observed Sir Richard, who was anxious to conciliate tempers, and learn in the course of quiet conversation the state of things and the spirit which had formed itself in the general ferment, as well as its purposed object.

Led on by him, Hochstaaten unfolded the views of Nassau and Orange. The bold question was hazarded, whether the state, broken off from Spain, would choose its peculiar ge-

vernor, or seek the protection of some greater power. In the last case Sir Richard thought that France was not to be overlooked, which plainly entertained such a hope, or it would not have been so prompt with its assistance. Hochstaaten was prudently silent, but Kuilenburg and Bergen, less cautious, anticipated things, boldly building up their firmest hopes upon insecure ground, when Launoi calmly said, "Why should we inquire into what may be? that is in the will of God. If the purification of the church, the freedom of the revealed word, the undisturbed mediation of the Saviour,—if these are no longer the highest and only objects of our efforts, neither the world nor Heaven will forgive this division amongst its children. I find the land-mark, from which we first set out, is very far removed."

"Naturally enough," cried Bergen—"opposition notches both steel and iron, and divisions are not reconciled by strife. Every battle must be fought out; we ought, there-

fore, to avoid wasting time in words, which are wafted away by the air of good swords. "We have already talked away too much time here. To London! my friends," he cried, rising from his seat—"our way lies to the Queen, and if we bring back a favourable answer,—Sir Richard,—my Lord Willoughby,—then I hope the seeds, which have been sown in this hour, may strike root, and the Belgian tree of freedom grow up proudly from them."

They shook each other by the hand, and were preparing to leave the hall, when Bergen, again turning back, said, "You, venerable Launoi, will await us here, as you proposed from the beginning, and in the meantime gain over to us the heart of the young Lord Willoughby, that does not exactly seem to beat too warmly for its neighbours."

"Is it indeed so?" asked Launoi, as the other closed the door; and Sir Richard, following out his visitors, left him alone with Penegrine and the Duchess.

“I might perhaps belie myself,” replied Peregrine, “if I were to attempt to give words to my present feelings. There is a something in those strange and great events which fills me with anxiety, a something which I can not name. Orange is unintelligible to me: I should admire him with my whole soul, but,”—he paused involuntarily; the Duchess signed to him not to proceed, when Launoi, laying his hand upon his shoulder, repeated, “But?”

“Yes, I own it,” said Peregrine hastily; “he does not appear to me to have always acted honourably, and there are moments when I feel more esteem for Alba than for him.”

Launoi, surprised and unable to master his first impulse, turned away from him with a low exclamation of, “God deliver us! what is this?” while his mother blushed and looked aside. All were silent, till Peregrine, in confusion, resumed,—“I have, perhaps, expressed my feelings awkwardly, and thus had the misfortune to displease you. The sense, however,

of my defective words is simple ; the open act attracts me more than the secret ; I abhor all mysterious conduct. Alba's iron tread is heard by the whole world before it approaches, while the light step of Orange is inaudible even to the listener."

"Humph!" exclaimed Launoi, walking up and down thoughtfully ; "I understand you ; perfectly understand you. There is a greatness in Alba, a fearful greatness ! who can deny it ? He holds the gates of the old time fast upon their hinges. His measured conduct is fixed and unalterable as the hour which is gone by never to return ; the strong, marked features, nearly allied to bony death,—every one knows *them*, while growing nature approaches mysteriously with imperceptible movements, and, when the bud opens, confounds the astonished senses. It is the different destination of either man that makes them so unlike, so incomparable. Hard is the task to be COMPELLED by the chain of events to that which at first once scarcely thought of."

“Oh, if you did but know,” cried Peregrine, “how willingly I would esteem what I so often gaze at with increasing wonder,—how my whole heart throbs for the stage of youthful action, and what therefore I would give to feel myself at home in this! Perhaps you will clear up this darkness to me; perhaps your hand may guide me.”

“My best Peregrine,” replied Launoi, “hope not too much from the individual; go boldly forward, and the twisted knot will unravel itself in time; for we know things truly but when we come in contact with them. You have learnt too much for your youth; the monotony of the present weighs upon you, and you should go abroad into the world.”

“I think so too,” exclaimed Peregrine, glancing joyfully at his mother; “perhaps the Queen may decide quickly, and then what a glorious prospect opens to me!”

Launoi turned to the Duchess, saying, “On your return from Poland you were a long time

in the Netherlands. Did you not make any connexions there, which may ultimately be of use to your son?"

"We met with a heavy affliction in that country," replied Catherine, looking anxiously at her son, "and were obliged from various causes to stay there longer than we at first intended. Peregrine will hardly carry back thither any pleasant recollections."

A speechless intercourse of looks and gestures here took place between the mother and son, which was at last interrupted by Launoi's requesting to know more of that long interval, which had divided them.

"Strange," said the Duchess, after a momentary consideration of the past; "strange, how, with advancing age the different periods of time blend together in the recollection. A year is an eternity to youth; life, when it is not yet fixed, fills and shapes every moment to a particular section of existence, the extent of which increases in proportion as the consciousness is still

capable of appropriating every trifle. If I now collect those sixteen years that we were separated there seems to me but little to be said of them; and the more so, as I remember to have written to you of our meeting with A-Lasco and the altered plan of our journey which led us into Poland. The melancholy stillness of our life there, our remotion from all we had been accustomed to, the beginning of a new mode of life in maturer years—these things, with their effect upon the mind, blend together into one like the images of a misty day, whose veiled sun shines in a flood of tears. This sun was the poor good King Sigismund, who generously received the fugitives, and tenderly endeavoured to heal the wounds which our native land had inflicted, and which only our native land could cicatrize. We inhabited one of his castles, whither he came to visit us almost daily, without any retinue. Married a second time, he never could forget his lost wife. A profound melancholy had taken entirely possession of his

soul, and the wounded mind, which could not mourn without shuddering with horror, was irrecoverably thrown off its balance. You know, reverend Sir, the history of the King of Poland, and know how the suspicion, that his own mother had poisoned his beloved wife on her bridal day, must have revolted his inmost nature, and shaken a disposition that was only too prone to yielding. In the evening view of this blighted life our own was to gain its new form, and the form was in consequence dark enough! We remained, however, ten years in Poland, for custom, even when painful, often binds more strongly than youthful prosperity can allure. The altered condition of England had long promised us safety, but we could not conquer our repugnance to the sight of so many traces of desolation, or even to the new appearance of things. The auxiliaries, sent at that time by England to the French Protestants, gave my husband an opportunity of earning anew, under Elizabeth's colours, the rights of a citizen in his native

country. He went to Havre to join his companions in arms, while Sigismund detained me and the children with various pretexts of unknown dangers. The unhappy monarch had a dread of solitude, and there were none but strangers to whom he could unburthen his heart without reserve. Contrary to my wishes, I yielded to his entreaties till in the spring of the year 64, my anxiety about Sir Richard, increased by the absence of all letters from him, could be no otherwise appeased than by immediately leaving Poland. The amiable King released us with the ready yielding of a heart which has never ceased to control itself, though he suffered so much the more from the idea of parting, as he felt a sure foreboding that we should never meet again. He only felt too truly; a few weeks ago I received, together with the news of his death, a rich sabre inlaid with jewels, which he bequeathed to his favourite, Peregrine."

The Duchess was silent for several minutes, in which the image of the too tender and melancholy King seemed to be called up to her memory by the mention of the beautiful weapon; and Peregrine, even more affected than herself, sat wrapt up in his own thoughts. At last she resumed, saying; "A wearisome travel through Germany brought us to the Netherlands, and we past through Guelders to Breda, where Orange was then at utter variance with the Regent, and in a disposition that his stern mind kept watch over with no little difficulty. Through him I learnt the ill success of the English arms; Havre was in the hands of the Catholics; a similar fate threatened Dieppe, and a destructive sickness raged in the army. I trembled for my husband and, to be nearer to him, betook myself to a castle of my relation, St. Aldegonde, which lay upon the coast. Dieppe fell; the troops returned; and, the sick having been early brought farther into the land, the malignant fever spread

to him Sir Richard, himself unwell, found his only feeble contending with the infection; soon,

She paused with a look of pain at her son, uncertain whether she should venture in his presence to recall a period which might affect him too strongly; but Launoi, without however knowing the cause of her hesitation, helped her out of her difficulty by saying; "Then it was not till long afterwards that your Grace recovered and returned to England?"

"Very long," she replied in a tone as if that period came like a dream between her other recollections; "The disturbances then broke out on all sides in Belgium and Flanders; the GRAY MANTLES were seen every where; the BOND OF THE GEUSEN spread from place to place, innovating upon established order and morality. In the mean time Sir Richard, having recovered, hastened to present himself to the Queen in London; but Peregrine's continued illness obliged me still to defer my voyage across the water; I

however left the castle of St. Aldegonde, who was engaged in the conspiracy of the nobles and went to Ghent. The dreadful tumults of the Iconoclasts, the wild convulsions of spirits, the divisions and havoc in families created by the war of opinions,—I have experienced them all, and have had many a hard strife both within and without. Then, too, the wild Brederode, with his licentious hordes! the cruelties of insolent and arbitrary power! Oh, my friend, there were hours which waked in me the fearful question,—Is rebellion thus necessarily linked to rebellion? Is the bursting through one bond connected with the breaking up of all others.”

Launoi here looked surprised and thoughtfully at the Duchess, who paused as if ashamed of the avowal she had made, but she immediately after went on to wipe away the unfavourable impression; “If such shadows fell upon me, how could I prevent the opening mind of the boy from being darkened amidst such changing impressions, or the feelings thus violently acted

upon from being excited in one way or the other. In a sickly state, with the weak fancy liable to every emotion, the witness of barbarous licentiousness and tyrannic punishment—Oh, my dear Sir, you must attribute to this unfortunate combination of circumstances whatever may appear to you strange and unintelligible in Peregrine.”

The youth listened intently while his mother thus excused him, and when Launoi replied, “I feel rather than understand this youthful temper,” he exclaimed with vivacity; “You have named the very way in which we should appear to each other; from feeling awakes judgment which is permanent.”

“Not always,” said the priest; “we are not sufficiently pure to trust ourselves so far. There is a higher standard than our heart, which changes its language with the changing times.”

“You will not understand me,” replied Peregrine, almost mournfully; “I speak of that magic mirror in the inmost sanctuary of the

heart, which, like the eye, has an object without itself knowing that it has, and by degrees conveys the image to the consciousness. It is so you love your friends, so you tolerate your enemies, and so you manfully oppose that which is repugnant to your feeling."

"You speak, my dear son, without knowing it, of the mystery of the eternal word. It is the essence of the highest love, which you have painted, but which no one has from nature, that which we often mistake for it is only an impulse, frequently a spurious feeling, which puts on the shape and colour of its model, and yet is no more than self-love."

Sir Richard, entering the room, broke up the conversation for the time; he was too full of the expectations arising out of the unexpected visit, too much occupied with the events of the hour, and with what might be their future consequence, not to return immediately to the subject. He made no secret of his wish to take part in a struggle, on the result of which seemed

to him to rest the free course of the human spirit, and its independent development in the progress of life. There was much discussion on this head, which at last made Launoï exclaim; "From all that appears at present, I can only conclude that *evil must* be, but woe to them from whom it shall proceed. The Protestants are not; indeed, pure; and, as revolvers, they are uncertain in their motions; they are not, however, the *new kingdom itself*, to which they are only to pave the way, and if they are licentious, whose is the fault but theirs who would compel submission to arbitrary laws? Alas, there are always many cold dark hours between the night and morning."

"Let us, therefore, endeavour that the day may break;" cried Bertie with an impatience of which he was probably ashamed, for he immediately added; "How eagerly man presses forward, never finding rest, though rest is the constant object of his struggles! Here we have most happily met after a long separation, and

chance which years ago neither of us could have dreamt of; it came unexpectedly as the blessings of life usually do, and now what does it advantage us that our wishes have been realized? We are at work again with fresh wishes."

"Still the old Bertie!" said Launoi smiling and holding out his hand to him; "Your fancy continues as young as if no storms had ever blown over it, and you stand before me now just the same as at Wesel. Fate never urged you on so violently as you hurry yourself beyond the limits of the present; but let it be, my son; the next hour may bring what you expect."

CHAPTER IX.

THE well-meant consolation was not, however, so soon realized as Sir Richard had confidently hoped it would. Years past, and still Elizabeth hesitated to come to any determination, for though she gave Orange every assistance in secret, she did not wish to have the appearance of it with the world. It seemed to her requisite that her alliance with France should be more certain before she broke with Spain.

Messengers hurried backwards and forwards, while the Duke of Alençon, now Duke of Anjou, drawing together troops on the borders of the Netherlands, made a journey through the Brabant states in company with his sister Margaret of Valois. Alba had returned to Spain; Don John of Austria entered Luxembourg as the Regent of the southern provinces, while Orange, holding the same situation in the north, carried

on a hand unequal contest against domestic factions within and the Spaniards without. The great art of all politicians, the art of dividing, was practised here by Philip, and distrust and envy were to attack William more successfully than even the arms of Alba. The moment was decisive for the Netherlands; some of the nobility, discontented with the Prince, had chosen Mathew of Austria for their head; discord was at its height and naturally communicated itself to other countries.

Bertie wasted his days in increasing care and vexation to think that all had been in vain, his hopes deceived, and that even Elizabeth was not what she had appeared to be. Hardly fifty years of age, he felt a thirst for action that gave a keenness of manner to his discontent, and visibly darkened his looks and habits. In the meantime Renegine led a strange life, displeasing to his father, unintelligible to his mother, and a source of mockery to his young companions. He, however, did not think of justifying himself; but

was generally found occupied with Spanish or Latin books, which he never quitted except to wander for half the day and night through the thickest of the wood, tire out the hounds and horses, and return to the castle loaded with game. Society he avoided; London and the court he only visited, when compelled, in the society of his father; yet, when there, his conduct was such that he would have been much sought after, had he been willing to be found. When reproached for his retired manners he excused himself with his youth and promised a freer intercourse after he had made a more sufficient trial of himself in life.

Essex, in the meanwhile, accompanied his uncle Dudley on several embassies, and himself undertook a mission to Margaret of Valois, who, during her residence in Flanders, made the interests of the people her own, and carried on a confidential correspondence with Elizabeth. It was not difficult to penetrate the import of these secret negotiations; Essex guessed that an al-

liance between the Queen and Anjou was on the carpet ; Leicester knew it, and the bands were firmly held by those who had them in their grasp, that they might be able to rend them asunder the moment England's advantage was secured, or the influence of the Dudleys endangered.

Essex returned to London, and subsequently to Barbican, giddy with Mary's beauty, the easy manners of the French court, its gallantry, and its influence on the individual ; full of all he had heard and seen, the words flowed no less fully from his lips. The Duchess, like all other mothers, jealously anxious for her son's fame, listened with divided feelings to the story of those events and connexions in which another than her Peregrine had mingled, like him, a youth, and of lower rank and more limited means. Nor did she conceal her feelings, but, when alone with her son, poured out her heart to him, concluding with, " The time is come when Lord Willoughby should take possession of his estates, manage his concerns for himself, and maintain that

place in the state which befits his birth."—She hesitated, perplexed how to change the formal tone of her speech to the more pliant notes of anxious affection.

"Well?" said Peregrine, locking her hand tenderly in his own.

"Well, my son," continued the Duchess with unguarded vivacity; "must it not grieve me to see others enjoying the advantages which would be yours if you did not indifferently suffer yourself to be pushed aside, confining yourself in so narrow a space that it is a matter of difficulty for any to follow you into it. Essex sees the world, learns to know courts and manners, serves his Queen, is distinguished by her, while you,—subdue your ambition so completely that *all this moves you but little.*"

"I confess it, so it really is;" said Peregrine gently, fearing to wound his mother by the declaration.

"So it is," repeated Catherine; "And why is it so, my son? In truth, your grandfather had

other ideas of the duties of a nobleman; he knew that they are inseparable from his exertions in the state, and to those exertions he dedicated himself with all his soul."

"Would to God my exertions were called for in their proper place!" replied Peregrine.

"And that place is?" interrupted his mother rather sharply, as if she meant to say, "are you so much at home in public affairs that you can point out your place?"

But Peregrine exclaimed rather bluntly, "It is not precisely where Essex stands; for that I am not calculated; but the moment will come when every serious call will find me. For the present, excuse me, good mother, from saying what I think."

"No, Peregrine," said the Duchess, taking up the broken thread of the discourse; "No, Peregrine; you must open your mind to me; your silence is neither slothfulness nor dreaming, as your father and many others imagine; there is a purpose in it; you restrain yourself with diffi-

culty, and bury that which is found more deeply and cautiously in your breast. Why is this? Why do you seem so opposite to the world and the feelings of your youth?"

"Great Heavens! Man scarcely understands himself in the flight of his thoughts, in the aspiration after the permanent, and his disquiet in the unfixed and fluctuating. There is so much awakened in us by the new doctrines! the old is not dead, the new is yet unformed; I fear to deceive myself, and how therefore can I speak of that self to others? The fear of being deemed singular makes me really so in the eyes of the world; at court, more particularly; I am in bad repute as to that; I must confess it, the anxious farce with the Queen goes against me. The more I honour her, the more I am vexed by the idle vanity that nestles so familiarly in her great heart that she reveals herself without shame to the gaze of every fool. So artful, so completely masked in every thing else, and in this so unguarded, I might almost say childish!

Everywhere showing an open heart, how can I breathe freely at the court, how look the Queen with confidence in the face while she only wears the mask of frankness; and privately commits the same cruelties that her sister committed openly and with the idea that she was pleasing Heaven? Elizabeth is a Protestant, she cannot mistake the mild spirit of the Gospel, and she once modestly rejected the title of supreme head of the church which her father had borne, because she deemed it of too much import, and why then does she now set herself up for the judge of other faiths? Why has she become the merciless persecutor of the old belief? How can she justify her unprecedented conduct towards the unfortunate Queen of Scots?"

"That is a spot in the life of Elizabeth," replied the Duchess dejectedly.

"A black, indelible spot!" cried Peregrine. "Oh, she has no heart," he continued, in greater agitation than might have been expected from the subject. "You all know it,

and therefore it is you keep from her eyes that which they would meet to destroy. You know Elizabeth's insincerity; you fear it; and yet the lips of all of you overflow with her exaggerated praises."

"My son," said Catherine, passing over his rebuke, "you do not seem to share the general admiration for your Queen!"

Peregrine looked at her awhile in silence, and then flung himself into her arms, exclaiming, "Ah, my good mother, I am a stranger,—I see it—in this unintelligible world!"

For a moment both remained thus in silent emotion, when Peregrine tore himself from her arms, left the chamber, and shortly after rushed through the court into the forest.

It was a few days after this conversation that the inmates of Barbican sate together at dinner. Sir Richard was in an unusually good humour. Letters had come from Launoi at Leyden, together with other news from the Netherlands; and although the Duchess was grayer than

usual, and at first seemed lost in thought, yet she soon passed from this to gayer topics with striking vivacity and apparent satisfaction. Berreguine, however, watched her narrowly; a doubtful distrust of this gaiety was stirring in him. The unequal vehemence of her speech; the louder laugh than was customary with her delicate manners; the heightened colour of her cheeks; certain hasty glances of forced indifference that she cast at him and others,—nothing of all this escaped him, and he turned his eyes downwards upon his plate, growing more and more silent as his parents became more communicative.

A boy, the son of the cowherd at Barbican, who now came to the farther door of the passage, and mysteriously beckoned out one of the servants, seemed fortunately to interrupt this state of excitement. The important looks of the poor fellow, his awkward carriage, and his movements with hand and foot while he spoke, set all laughing, and even the servants joined

The one, who had received the message, presently came back to the table, carelessly holding in his hand a little ragged book in poor binding, and as his station was generally behind the Duchess' chair, he took the same place now, saying, "Here is the important prize which the boy found in the wood, just as Lord Willoughby rode by him; and which, he imagines, will gain him a great reward. He saw the book drop from his Lordship's bosom, and cried out after him with the intention of immediately returning it; but, the horse flying quickly by, his exclamations were not heard."

"Show it to me," said the Duchess, taking the ill-looking volume with an air of neglect. "In the Latin tongue," she added, in a tone, as if it were above her; but immediately after the words escaped her lips unguardedly, "Heaven help me, Peregrine—a Catholic missal? How did you come by it?" and Lord Willoughby, who had been standing behind her, exclaimed, "Sir Richard, reproaching with indignation, 'I don't think there

can be such a thing in my house; you have not seen rightly, Catherine; you can not have seen rightly."

"Why not?" said Peregrine, modestly. "It is not long since no other prayer-book was known here at Barbican, as being that acknowledged and recommended by the prevailing church, and I do not, on that account, think the worse of my ancestors. That, by which they edified, by which the Christian in general edifies, deserves at least to be known."

The father rose from his place at the table with a darkened brow.

"Lord Willoughby may, at his own peril, read whatever he pleases at Eresby, but here,—I repeat it,—here such things must not be."

He left the hall with hasty steps, and was heard slamming the doors after him indignantly, and hurrying to his own chamber.

Peregrine was afflicted by this untoward event, and sate for some time in silent consideration by his mother. It was difficult for

him to hit at once upon the right tone which might quickly clear up the mistake without any degrading explanations. Nor did his blood flow calmly; he was sensible of his error, but the harsh rebuke had deeply wounded him. Thus thoroughly distempered, he bit his lips without uttering a word, till at length all left the hall, and he was alone with his mother, when the Duchess asked gently, with her face half turned towards him, "Whence did you get the unlucky book? But this comes of your inquiries, which lead to nothing and only cause disputes and contradiction."

"Good God! is there any thing so terrible in my wishing to learn wherein we have essentially differed from the faith of our fathers, and what it is that forbids any longer a good intelligence between Christian and Christian? I am a Protestant and will remain one, but I can quietly endure the Catholic by my side."

"You are inclining to them," said his mother, with repressed grief; "that it is which

“It makes you so favourable in your judgment. But you are not so of yourself; others are concerned in it; you can not deceive me, and therefore, if you love me, say who gave you the book?”

“My dear mother,” he replied, disquieted and grieved to be forced to leave her wish unsatisfied—“of what consequence is it to you how that came into my hands which you do not value, and which to you seems superfluous? I protest to you what I have learnt from it has not allured me nor made me waver in my faith, and what more, I beseech you, would you know of an accident that can have no other consequences?”

“No other consequences! Do you forget your father, or do you think to satisfy him as well as me by such specious arguments? Peregrine, your unfortunate propensity to dive into darkness and drag that which is hidden into daylight will ruin all yet.”

“Fear not,” said Peregrine, smiling with calm confidence, as if long ago possessed of the

secret which here is only hinted at, "What I am seeking to learn will not estrange your son from you, nor bring any evil upon the family. It cannot change me from what I am, good mother."

The Duchess eyed him keenly, and said; "Well, then, pursue your inquiries still farther; go on till you know all. I see you are a child of the time, in which you were born, restless, thirsting after the light, hot yet cold, eager yet with difficulty satisfied; you cannot stand still; Heaven grant that you may not repent your love of knowledge."

Peregrine rose, taking her hand in his and looking at her in doubt whether he should not open his heart to her and tell her all that troubled it, when Ralph came into the room with the words, "Guests! Guests of rank! A whole train of them is coming down the hill."

"Go my son," said the Duchess to Peregrine; "Appease your father, that no stranger's eye may see division betwixt you."

He pressed her hand gratefully to his lips, sighing, "My dear mother,——" and more was floating about his agitated mouth, but he knew not how to commence. The Duchess could restrain herself no longer; tears gushed down her cheeks; she wound her arms about his neck; and, overpowered by the emotions she had till now kept under, she sobbed, "My poor, poor Peregrine!"

Peregrine was alarmed; the blood stagnated upon his heart; he exclaimed anxiously! "Good Heavens, if——"

At this moment the doors flew open, and a lady entered leaning on Sir Richard's arm, who said significantly; "The Duchess of Suffolk, formerly Marchioness of Dorset."

"Francisca! You!" cried Catherine in alarm; when a meagre figure, vehement in looks and gestures, with a disagreeable redness in the face, and eyes almost closed in a perpetual laugh, rushed up to her, and embracing her in its withered arms with affected joy, ex-

claimed; "Your Grace has been as faithful to your family as your country; I see you know me again. Well, I trow, if ever kin ought to be kind, it is ourselves, for we have the same interest. Duchess, I bring you news that will assuredly fill your maternal heart with joy never felt before."

The Duchess was seized with that apprehension of something evil, which seemed inseparable from the presence of Francisca. She felt her cheeks grow pale, and said, with a trembling voice; "News which will affect me as a mother?"

"Even so," said the Marchioness, and, not allowing her an opportunity of farther reply, added, as she sunk into a chair as if overpowered by the importance of her tidings, "Jane! the rights of my murdered Jane revive!"

An unguarded cry of joy from the lips of Peregrine attracted his father's attention, who gazed at him in surprise, but Francisca cried with a joy, rendered still more extravagant by her vehemence.

ment looks ;—“ That tone? Let me hear that tone of joyful surprise again! It is a pledge for the fulfilment of my wishes. Upon you, upon you, young Sir, I will pour the golden gifts of this life, fortune, honour, and distinction. Oh, don't stare at me, Catherine, with that grave and lofty look, nor seem so much in wonder as if you did not know what was at the bottom of this. Hark, you ; I am informed of all! Davis, the cunning Davis, once a servant of Northumberland's!—He disappeared when Warwick was executed, but at Portland your Grace met him again. You had then a child in your arms, a little girl, that you pretended to have found on the way. It was,—nay, do not play the hypocrite with me—Davis recognised it by its likeness to the poor Queen Jane, and, as a proof that his conjecture was right, there was the mark in the child's clothes, originally worked by Davis's own wife when Warwick sought to establish the fortune of his son. He possessed several pieces of plate from that period, when

whether justly or unjustly gotten, is not the question now; but you yourself discovered the rose-spring which went round the coat of arms that had been picked out. You asked too very eagerly how a silver cup had fallen into his hands, but that was not the time for discoveries of such a nature; and you crossed the sea, taking the child with you. At last the bloody sceptre of Mary drove away every thing without distinction that seemed suspicious to her. Davis fled to Germany, and subsequently he was in the Netherlands, where he remained till a few weeks ago. Sick, and begging in the extremity of distress, he stood a short time since before my door, and the sight of the arms of Dorset over it smote his conscience. He entered and, crouching at my feet, as is the manner of such people, he confessed that Lady Jane was secretly delivered of a daughter in the Tower; and, to withdraw the child from a dangerous persecution, had intrusted it to Davis's wife, who was at that time with her, with directions to place it in safety.

out of England. The prudent woman dexterously concealed the intrusted pledge, till it was required from her, and made Davis believe it was dead ; but he always entertained great doubts of her assertion, and when he saw you in possession of the little girl, he extorted from the frightened woman the confession that she had been forced to give up the child to some one who had demanded her in my daughter's name, and she thought it probable that Lady Jane had intrusted her to you. Subsequently, Davis learnt in Flanders, where you then lived, that the lovely girl had grown up under your care, perfect, like her mother, in the charms both of mind and body. Every one had admired her beauty, till, on the sudden, the report of her death was spread abroad, though nobody saw a corpse carried out of your house, upon which there sprang up a tale of a grey spectre that was seen in the evening before St. Aldegonde's castle and that bore the little one from thence. You, Duchess, must best know who the grey

spectre was ; but I come to tell you, that, from the moment of Davis' confession, my mind found no rest, and incessantly endeavoured to learn whether the tale, which he might only have fabricated to induce me to give him an extravagant reward, did or did not rest on certain grounds. I inquired on all sides, and at last found, to my surprise, that in the prison at Tutbury, in the chamber of the captive Queen, they knew of this daughter of Jane's, and that the Catholics were endeavouring to discover her, to extort a composition from Elizabeth or hurl her from the throne. I conjure you, therefore, do not delay to direct me to my grand-child. Do not let others, and those the bitterest enemies of England, the Pope and his clergy, have a hand in this business. Look ! there is nothing in the world more easy than to marry your son with Jane's daughter. Lord Willoughby will make her rights his own ; the Dudleys are, of course, on our side ; they will be joined by all their kin ; the Suffolks cannot do otherwise,——”

"Hold, Francisca," exclaimed the Duchess, interrupting the torrent of her speech; "Whither are you driving? Would you, on the strength of a tale that a traitor invented to stir your wounded pride, would you for this set half England in an uproar? Who will answer to you for the word of this liar? Indeed, my good Francisca," she added with a forced laugh and constant change of colour; "indeed you are as ready as ever to listen to the influence of malcontents. Unhappy woman! has not enough blood been spilt yet? Would you drag to the block the credulous Lords, my son, and all whom you are seeking to involve?"

Francisca turned pale at the mention of these fearful incidents; while Peregrine stood on red-hot coals; his eager eyes seemed to swallow the words of his mother, who avoided looking at him; and Sir Richard, standing before the Marchioness, said firmly and calmly; "Do you not recognise the finger of the Catholics in the web which that runaway Davis has spun about you?"

Do you not see through the project? And can you really think that you have any claim to a foundling discovered and picked up by the Duchess in a little fishing village on the banks of the Thames? If you do, make your claims good as it pleases you, but leave us—and more particularly that young man—out of the question. The report," he added, in some confusion, "has thus far concluded rightly; THE CHILD LIVES; but from causes importing only the Duchess and myself, the rumour of her death was spread abroad while she was educated in France and has since become the wife of Philip of Marnix, Count of Toulouse."

A sudden dizziness, which seized Peregrine, drove the blood from his cheeks, pale as death, and rolling his eyes wildly backwards and forwards, he staggered a few steps towards the door of the next room, but fell down senseless before he could reach it. (The Duchess, who had followed every movement of his tortured soul with unpeakable agony, uttered a loud

shriek, but Sir Richard gently forcing her away from her son, near whom she was ready to sink, immediately called for help and bore him from the chamber.

From the very excess of her feelings, the Marchioness had witnessed all this in silence, showing only by the heightened colour of her cheeks the anger which was now to break loose. With a voice half stifled by wrath, she exclaimed; "This is well! Kill your only son too? Heap corpse on corpse that no traitor may bring your dark plots to light. But I—I will shriek it through the streets, that the daughter of Jane Grey, the great grand-child of Henry the Seventh, lives! that she has a right to the throne of England! And if the Lord of Toulouse is no weakling, like your Bertie, he will not hesitate to join me against Elizabeth. Farewell, hypocrite; I go to set all England in a blaze with my tidings."

"Francisca! by the ashes of your mother I conjure you, look well, before, by a single rash

step you destroy the innocent one whom you would benefit! You will never be able to make good your assertion, nor to bring witnesses of sufficient validity to overthrow the opposite party. The people and the state are not so easy to be won; you have no Warwick at your side, Lady; Elizabeth is the idol of England. The sparks, which you would scatter to work upon a few light heads, will never rise into a blaze but stifle yourself with their smoke. Hear me," she added, still more pressingly; "Bury Davis' unreasonable fable in your own breast, and be prudent, Francisca, if you would not be undone."

"Be prudent!" laughed the Marchioness; "Oh, my fair mother, you were so prudent, so cautious, reckoned so slyly, and the dull Bertie, in his rough vehemence, has torn the fine web with a single breath from his lips. She lives! The maiden, so long supposed dead, *lives*, and was hastily married to a stranger! This confession, to which nothing in the world com-

pelled you, has discovered all. Farewell, my prudent lady, we may soon hear of each other."

She was just on the point of going when she was stopped by one of her suite, in whom the equerry, already mentioned, might be discovered as much by his external beauty as his bold forwardness. He spoke softly with her, reproached her thoughtless violence, and, by his voice and look, evinced a power over her which compelled her to follow him immediately without any farther opposition. It seemed that Sir Richard had known how to appeal to his vanity and win him over to his interest on this dangerous occasion.

This visit had passed like a rushing storm through Castle Barbican.

CHAPTER X.

THE sympathy of care between son and parents had occasioned that silent understanding which rests upon mutual forbearance. Each read the other's heart, yet avoided the appearance of it; each gently removed out of the way whatever might disturb the other, and each as gently brought forward whatever might by kindness and mutual yielding link their hearts more closely. It is thus that the tumult of the mind is appeased, or we fancy we have appeased it, and rejoice in the quiet which after a youth of turmoil is so desirable in approaching age. But every violent emotion leaves some seed behind it, and how this secretly develops itself, what it destroys, or what it ripens,—of all this the artificial calm of the hour allows no external symptoms. Better that the pain should show itself without, that the feelings should gush

along in a living stream and should find a stop to its progress in the energies of the mind. Whatever turmoil there may be in such hours, life struggles against the opposition, and the passions more quickly subside into a calm. This, however, was not the case at Castle Barbican; Peregrine arose from the blow, which had threatened his utter ruin, and was silent; it seemed to him as if he had nothing more to learn or suffer in the world; his life lay revealed before him, and he subdued his rebellious heart sternly and resolvedly within his bosom. Once only he asked his mother, "Whether Rosa knew that she had been reported dead, and that he had so bitterly lamented her?" The tears, which filled his bright eyes as he spoke, melted the heart of the Duchess; she sank weeping on her son's breast, and he never asked again.

He now seldom visited the wood; books, too, which he had been used to study with so much interest, seemed no longer to have any charms

for him; they lay unopened and covered with dust. But he was so much the more frequently seen in London; where he kept his place modestly yet firmly, and gave a greater attention to the course of public events. Whoever had judged him by his pale looks, his melancholy eye, the earnestness and reserve on his thoughtful brow, his keen glance and mild speech, would have thought that he was only occupied by ambition and the desire of obtaining a voice in the Queen's council. His splendid dress, the beauty of his form, his southern complexion, the mysterious darkness of his expression, all seemed calculated to draw upon him the favourable notice of Elizabeth, and people fancied that they saw in him the future favourite and statesman. But there is nothing in which the multitude is so much mistaken as in the favour of princes. It is one thing with their pleasure in any merit, and another with its acknowledgment. Elizabeth, indeed, expected much from the youth who already knew how to conduct him-

self with such prudence and decisiveness, but still he was as a stranger to her; there was no social link, no interposing medium to fill up the space which divided the Queen from the subject. Peregrine did not seek it, and Elizabeth missed it, sometimes too with displeasure.

After many years spent in this way, the war-cry of the trumpet on a sudden tore the dark veil from his mind. New life came to him with the Queen's declaration that she, in conjunction with France, intended to assist the Netherlands, and he flew as if on the wings of the wind to Castle Barbican to bring the tidings to his father. Another fire burnt in his eyes, his brow was clear, every movement was quick and full of life; so he galloped into the court, so he hurried into the hall. His breast panted from his swift ride: he was unable at first to subdue its violent throbbing; voice and breath failed him; till, at last, he flung himself into Sir Richard's arms, more pale even than usual, exclaiming, "All is well now!"

Not understanding this unusual emotion in her son, the Duchess had hurried to them in great anxiety, but was very little calmed by the words, "War!—March!—To-morrow!"—But she subdued her own feelings, and gazing tenderly on the two objects of her affection, half whispered, as if to herself, "Shall we see each other again!" She was accustomed not to consider too narrowly either the foul or the fair in life. Experience had taught her to curb her fancy, and fix her eye on the immediate and the essential.

Never do the hours roll along more speedily than when they are bringing the moment of separation. It was evening, and none of them had observed the setting of the sun; but now, when the twilight drew in, and the room seemed more confined, and the converse grew more and more broken, and their hearts became more and more closely linked,—Oh, then there was an unspeakable sensation of doubt that weighed upon

their over-excited feelings. They could scarcely bear the silence of the room, till, at last, Sir Richard, going in and out, left mother and son alone. Perhaps the hour might never strike to both again! Words flowed on words, and things were talked of which else had not been called up from the oblivion of the past. But what it was the mother communicated to her son, or how he repaid confidence by confidence,—of this secret interview no one has ever penetrated the mystery. If, however, Peregrine learnt nothing new, yet, from this time forward, that which was already known to him assumed a milder shape. He saw clearly, and knew that he was understood by her whom he ever wished to entertain no doubts of him.

When Sir Richard after a time rejoined them, the Duchess said; “I now part from you in peace, for I am as sure of the hearts dearest to me as of my own. All, that is mysterious between those that love each other, must always

at last yield to some decisive moment, whether it be the last of life, or one which gives us a foreboding of that last."

She pressed her hands upon her eyes, unable any longer to conceal her increasing emotions, when Sir Richard said to her, with cheerful earnestness; "We both of us know the dangers and toils of life too well to consider them too lightly or too seriously; but, however it may be, we trust in God who never yet forsook us. I entertain great hopes from this long-expected campaign, and, I must confess, have little room for care or anxiety. It has ever been my warmest wish to assist Peregrine in his first essay of arms; and your noble heart, I am sure, Catherine, cannot beat with selfish grief at the moment when father and son are entering on the same career of honour. Besides," he added laughingly, "if bodements go for any thing, I can tell you, for your consolation, that our enterprise must end happily, for I never parted from you with so much confidence."

The Duchess suppressed a heavy sigh. She could not share in his gaiety, and the idea was constantly present to her that many a one went out joyfully who never returned. Her eye was mournfully fixed on the earth; no effort at mirth succeeded; no sport escaped her lips.

"Midnight is almost over," said Sir Richard; "We'll rest an hour or two, then breakfast together, and each will go about his business as usual."

Catherine looked at him inquiringly; he answered by a friendly nod, but she shook her head and retired without any reply, however much her heart inclined her to it. "Is this the last time?" she murmured, yet, stifling the answer, she threw herself upon the bed, drew the curtains more closely about her, shut her eyes, and endeavoured to fancy that she wished for sleep. But as she lay there so lonely, and all about her grew stiller and stiller, the inward anxiety, as in former days, drove the blood upon her heart. She listened intently if

any sound might betray that which she avoided knowing, and yet which she would not let happen unknown. All, however, was still ; and at last her overwrought feelings gave way to weariness, and she fell asleep exhausted.

It was late when she awoke with throbbing pulse and in the terror of some hand pressing upon her heart ; — “ Sarah, Sarah ! ” she exclaimed, bending out of the bed, with her eye fixed anxiously on the door, but, when Sarah entered, she gazed on her without the courage to ask a question. After a pause she sunk back upon her pillow, saying, “ You may go again ; I know all now.”

“ That I could well imagine,” replied Sarah ; “ Such secret stealing away is after all of no use.—It deceives no one, this putting off leave-taking to avoid it altogether, and least of all your Grace, who is so experienced in all such transactions.

“ It is really so, then ? ” exclaimed Catherine, her eyes turned to heaven as if she had

hoped that it would have shamed her fear and surprised her yet once again with the sight of her beloved. "Hard, selfish men! When did they set out, Sarah?"

"But a short time since," was the answer; "though, from the moment day broke, they could not get off fast enough. The horses had long ago been led to the enclosure that you might not be disturbed by the clatter of their hoofs; but the more haste the less speed; there were a hundred things to do, to say, and not to say, for the heart too had its work and suppressed many a hasty ebullition in its rising. But no one has shed so many tears to-day as old Ralph. He sits without there on the great curb-stone with folded hands, his wet eyes fixed on the road which the travellers took, and as I lately passed him cried out to me; "All is vanity, Miss Sarah; all is vanity; virtue, beauty, and even wine, Miss Sarah. But fidelity, that still is something, for it breaks an honest fellow's heart."

"Poor Ralph!" sighed the Duchess, gently chiming in with his complaint; "He is in the right; but he should do as I do, Sarah; he should rejoice that those are happy whom we love."

"Do you, indeed rejoice?" said Sarah, more peevish than troubled: "there has long been an end of all mirth in this castle! for what has been the general course of things since our return home? We have, in truth, had a quiet comfortable time; but you must allow that there has not exactly been any thing like mirth with us; up to the great day when the Queen was here, and did so much honour to Sir Richard, he never has been able to reconcile himself to his not being a Duke like your former husband. The furrows on his brow have continued to grow deeper and deeper, and to show more and more of inward discontent. Trust me, the circumstance of his not being noble as your kin is the worm that gnaws his heart."

"You talk at random," said Catherine.

shaking her head, and "that which any one else would scarcely presume to think."

"Ah, my dear mistress," replied Sarah, "in reality you think as I do. Sir Richard has already fought at Havre and Dieppe for a coronet, and all your present distress comes from his anxiety not to injure his hopes with the Queen. Hence the removal of the poor child, and the sorrow that gives our young Lord the appearance of a monk."

"Of a monk!" exclaimed the Duchess in displeasure: "truly, you must have looked but little at my son, if he reminds you of that withered creeping race that spit fire and poison and sacrificed half England to their madness."

"You are never more warm," said Sarah laughing, "than when you speak of these unlucky beings, who are now paid back again all they did against us when in power. Your son thinks otherwise; he does not hate the monks as you do; nay, the shepherd's boy says that he has often seen him conversing with a spirit in

the wood, who is probably no other than a concealed Catholic; for they lurk in every corner. That's well known; though the people pretend not to see it; many because they secretly adhere to them; others, because they do not wish to revive the old cruelties. In Lord Willoughby both causes may, perhaps, be united, for certainly he has much in him of your Spanish relations, and yet is as good an Englishman as any one."

"You wish," said the Duchess, good-humouredly, "to atone by the conclusion for your fancied offence in a reference to the Catholic maternal country. But let it be, child; you know that I no longer contest your opinions; they have become too fixed; and, in regard to Sir Richard, too deeply rooted to be ever extirpated. I have told you, innumerable times, that the ambition, which you ascribe to my husband, like every other reproach with which you assail him, springs from your mortified pride, in that you must serve in the house

of a poor knight; and, when you attribute to him that he only fought for a coronet, your censure proceeds from vexation, in his not having really gained it, and so fulfilled the constant object of your dreams."

"It may be," said Sarah, after a moment's thought, "that it seems with me as you say; but ambition for ambition is all fair. I discovered the whole measure of it in the enamoured Sir Richard Bertie long before you suspected such a thing."

"Tell me, girl," exclaimed the Duchess, impatiently—"what is it makes you speak ill of him whom my heart calls back with a thousand voices? Do you think to lessen my pain by exciting my indignation?"

"I had no such object in what I said," replied Sarah, sitting down near her mistress' bed, "but it vexed me to see you, at your time of life, left behind thus widowed when it might have been otherwise. Good Heavens! Have we plagued ourselves day and night with the

helpless child, endured care and opposition without end, only for others to reap the fruit of our labours? Would it not have done you good to see the maiden sitting on your bed, weeping with you, while you talked with her of the absent Peregrine and united their loving hearts still more closely in this short separation?"

"Stop! Stop!" exclaimed the Duchess,—
"You only torture me, and are as far from piercing the mystery of these things as you are premature in your declarations."

"Far!" re-echoed the old confidante; "Not so far as you imagine, I assure you. Do you think I did not recognise the grey shadow which used at night to steal through the walls of St. Aldegonde's, one knew not how, and disappear, one knew not whither? It is the pale spirit that hovers over the grave of Lady Jane,—the angel of death, that waves its grey wings at midnight and anxiously flutters round it—Ah, your Grace, who knows not Hastings?"

"No more, I beseech you," interrupted Catherine. "You know not what you say, or what mischief one of your words, wrongly taken up and unfairly applied, might bring upon us all."

"This fear does not emanate from your own breast," said Sarah, confidently. "You are as bold as candid, and this concealment is not natural to you. More than once the mystery has floated on your lips towards your son, and that which kept back your words was an useless care, for your secret is known or suspected by many more sly heads than would be pleasing to you. Gilles Boissy, ——"

"All of you," said the Duchess, decidedly, "know as good as nothing; and as to your suspicions, they are so incongruous, so ill-connected, that none would think of building on them. In regard to Gilles, he is a runaway, whom I cannot fear."

"He returned to the old faith, and is said to be in the service of the Scottish Queen."

"I know it, but it is indifferent to me how

He settles these matters with himself. And now, I pray you, let this be the last time that we speak on this disagreeable subject."

"The last time! Yes, truly, if it depended on ourselves. But you forget that the war draws our young Lord to the Netherlands, that the fortune of arms throws those who trust to it, now forward, now backward, and brings together men in a way that no foresight can calculate upon."

"Even so do you forget that Rosa is Countess of Toulouse, and that Philip will not venture his wife in the whirlpool of these wild times. As far as I have heard, she stays in the court of Queen Margaret, while the Count fights under Nassau."

"You may dispose and regulate many things with prudence and caution, but the event is not in your hand. Rely upon it, those, who have once loved, are sure to be brought together by fate, though you interpose seas and mountains."

“If it should happen, I am not then to be blamed. There must, indeed, always be a moment that will bring the hidden into light; but let us hope it is, in this case, yet far off. Do you, too, hope the same, Sarah; or at least let not your fear be again added to my other sorrows.”

Sarah shook her head, and left the room, dissatisfied.

CHAPTER XI.

"LONELY!" said the Duchess, as she leant back, thoughtfully, in her arm-chair—"You are right, Sarah; the winter of our life is lonely."

Her eye fell upon her own portrait that looked down upon her in the full splendour of beauty, bright and youthful from the spring of almost-forgotten days. She was painted as the bride of the powerful Duke of Suffolk. In her large, clear eyes was reflected a calm and tender heart, that surrendered itself without disquiet, and beat with cheerful confidence to meet the new relations of life.

"How much," exclaimed the Duchess, lost in thought, "how much does such a maiden expect from herself and the world? One sees then nothing but youth—always youth—and whatever form it may take, whither gay or sad, it is at

all times sweet to run it through in the dreams of imagination. How much, in the May of life, do the painful forebodings of a darker evening awake in the girlish heart! How fearfully, and yet how sweetly, are we then attracted by the pale images on the skirts of Heaven! All, even death itself, has life for the warm heart! A happy girl like that knows nothing of the barrenness of age, of its dull incapability of excitement, of its wavering imagination that can retain no fixed hope, or of all the unpleasantness that arises from the dismemberment of our feelings."

"And just as little do you know of it," said Sarah, always inclined to contradiction. "You place yourself before the dulled mirror of a sick or troubled soul, which complains rather where it has too *much* than too *little*. You would like to share the fame, the glory, and the honour of your son and husband, to follow both as you did before step by step, to see Peregrine by the side of Orange, as he describes himself in his letters,

to perceive the overflowings of his full heart, more closely than in a few hurried lines. Oh, trust me, your Grace has still too susceptible a heart in your bosom, and with so much sympathy are not inclined to look on inactively.

“ Ah, Sarah, this dull war of sieges! how it is protracted! Where is an end to be seen to it? And let me speak it plainly—it was only in the interval, when Alba, being recalled, left the government to Don John of Austria, when the misunderstanding of the two brothers filled the jealous heart of Philip with suspicion, when the Spanish soldier wanted pay and whole regiments renounced the service,—it was only then that the Netherlanders lifted up their heads; but since grief and vexation have killed Don John, and the fiery Parma has taken his place, though fame and honour may still be gained by the individual, there is little success to be expected from the war in general. Suppose that Orange falls; his life has already been twice attempted by murderous hands, and that,

which failed twice, may be sooner or later crowned with a more bloody consequence."

"How strangely you look at things to-day! But you should not confine yourself so within these dark old walls; here you feel what is wanting to you; in London, at the Queen's court,——"

"Heaven forbid! What should I do in London? There I have been long ago forgotten. He, who does not show himself at court daily, only gives the memory the unpleasant trouble of renewing a faded image.—*Custom* is the living element through which the courtier is what he is. He, who can not gain firm footing by a perpetual re-appearance, let him remain far away from the crowd in which he would be lost. Elizabeth is my Queen, yet there are few points of contact between us. What is said, Sarah, of the regions from the foot of the mountain to its summit? The air is best which blows between the two extremes. No; leave me in my solitude; it

protects me at least from the many false reports, invented by idleness for the torture of the timid. Here I enjoy one comfort, *repose*, and the value of that rises in our estimation when we have learnt to fear life, and every novelty becomes a disturbance."

She had scarcely uttered the last words, when a stranger was announced, who, as Ralph said, was vehement in his desire of an interview, on which account he had hitherto refused him admittance into the castle.

"How!" cried the Duchess—"A traveller,—a guest stands before the bolted gate of Barbican, and you do not open it to admit him? Quick, Partridge; bring the man, whoever he may be, into the hall without delay; I will come down directly to receive him."

"Who is it, then?" asked Sarah, looking anxiously at her mistress. "Of what country, Ralph? Of what rank is he?"

"Why," replied the old servant, "he at least knows how to curse roundly in English, and,

by his outside, looks as like a soldier as one egg looks like another."

"A soldier!" exclaimed the Duchess with vivacity—"And you are still considering! Go, go and bring him in immediately."

"If he be from the army," said Sarah, "he does not deserve to be admitted; and, if not, what should we do in the castle with such a rough companion?"

"How absurdly you talk! Suppose it should be a mercenary, who has been wounded in the war and rendered unfit for service, and who now comes back to demand his reward and brings with him commissions from my husband and son?"

As she said this they had reached the door of the lower hall, when Sarah involuntarily caught her mistress by the arm, as if to hold her back; but the Duchess laughed at her timidity, and in the next moment faced the stranger, who hastened to greet her. He was a large, well-made man, of middle years, sharp foreign features,

a dark, uncertain look, and with over-done courtesy. Catherine involuntarily started back at the sight of him; her keen glance immediately discerned something incongruous in his appearance.

After the first greetings, the stranger broke out into a strange jargon, which mingled, in a peculiar way, imperfect English with scraps of French, and plainly enough discovered his country, so that he did not hesitate to present himself to the Duchess as a French captain. "He came," he said, "in company with some of his brethren in arms, who had long served in the Netherlands, to raise in England a troop of volunteers, bold and enterprising enough to fling provisions and ammunition into the distressed city, which was nearly sinking under the superiority of the besiegers."

Catherine measured the hurried speaker with a dissatisfied look; the unsuitableness of his

actions to his military garb, and the constraint it evidently laid upon him, did not escape her; she asked, "What chance or what design am I to thank for the honour of your visit to Barbican Castle?"

The Captain looked at her in surprise; but immediately collecting himself, as if he only then understood what at first had appeared unintelligible to him, and casting a rapid glance at those about him, he said, "May I ask for a few minutes' private audience?"—Sarah pressed more closely to her mistress; Ralph, too, advanced a few paces, but the Duchess, with a look that would not let her inward feelings be discovered, gave the stranger a sign to follow her, replying, with great courtesy, "Although I have no idea of the nature of any mystery that can exist between us, yet I suppose, beforehand, that I shall hear nothing from you but what is pleasant."

With this she went into the next room; the

door of which she left open, saying that "he might speak, for no one there would disturb them by unbecoming curiosity."

"I understand," exclaimed the Captain, "I have not been mistaken. You are as subtle as experienced in the great art of deceiving others when duty requires it. But to our business; you are now free to act. The relation in which Bishop Day stands to your son and immediately through him to you, the certainty we have received, through Gilles Boisse, that you were never entirely false to the Catholic faith,—all this is a pledge to us that, ——"

He paused. "Well," said Catherine, eagerly.

"That you will aid in an enterprize to which a powerful branch of your house has already lent its hand. The object is to free the Queen of Scotland, to bring back a whole people to the true Church, to check the madness of innovators, and to win for yourself the pardon of the Pope."

"And how," said the Duchess, "am I to set about this?"

"Give up to us," replied the other, "the proofs which you have in your hands of the birth of the Countess of Toulouse, as the legitimate heiress to the throne of England. France, who now assists the Church's enemies, will then turn its arms against them; the Netherlands will fall; and Elizabeth will be dethroned, or save herself by freeing the Scottish Queen. It will avail you little," he continued, in a higher tone, mistaking the Duchess' silence for indecision—"it will avail you little to play the hypocrite with the world because you fear its censure. It is known,—and even Rome believes it,—that you only embraced the new doctrines from necessity, in compulsive obedience to your heretic husband. This report will soon set you at variance with the Protestants. You are ruined then —"

"Permit me," interrupted Catherine, raising

her hand a little, as if to protect herself from an overwhelming superiority—"Permit me to consider this weighty matter more narrowly. This is not only a question of earthly crowns, the heavenly one, according to your declaration, is also to be gained. Such a business requires deliberation; and I am, as you well know, quite alone. Whatever I resolve, the act is mine, and I only have to answer for it. Allow me, therefore, a moment of recollection, and I will return to you as soon as my mind is made up."

"Not so," cried the stranger, crossing her as she seemed about to leave the room. "If you waver it is possible you may betray us. You must not from here till you have put those documents into my hands. Do not consider long, for ——"

He opened the window at her back, when suddenly a man stood at the opening, levelling a musket at her, with the most horrible distortion of his features. So wild was his appearance,

that she involuntarily pressed her hands before her eyes in terror.

"You see," continued the Captain, "how matters stand; quick, therefore, if you regard your life."

"Wretched adventurer!" cried the Duchess, elevating her voice, that Ralph might hear her in the next room—"Do you think to frighten me by jugglery of this sort? Fire!" she said to the man on the outside of the window;—"Fire! I may fall, but you are only the more certainly lost. But go—Fly, before a party of my servants, under the lead of that brave man in the ante-room, make your escape impossible. You seek to terrify me while I was only thinking of obliterating every trace of your folly. I gave you a hint to avoid the peril, but now I fear it is too late."

She had scarcely uttered the last word, when, quick as lightning, the room was filled with armed men, and the castle was surrounded amidst loud cries of "Murderers! Murderers!"

Ralph's suspicious watchfulness had quietly taken such measures that a single sign was sufficient to prevent the dreaded evil.

"Ha!" shouted the Captain, leaping out of the window after his companion—"this treachery I did not expect."

Shots fell right and left, a momentary uproar filled the castle-court, and a few chance balls were fired in the direction of the wood, when all again was still. The desperadoes had escaped. The Duchess lay exhausted in the arms of Sarah, who understood nothing of all the tumult, and, amidst tears and caresses, bitterly reproached her mistress for having exchanged a word with a leader of banditti, when it was so easy to tell by the villain's look whose child he was. Catherine smiled at the grumbling love of her old servant, and excused herself, as well as she could, for not having followed her advice. But she was as little able at the moment to recover herself as to unravel the mystery of the business. The rapid succession and blending

of events had almost deprived her of their consciousness.

She was still lost in thought, when a little leather pouch was brought to her, which one of the robbers, as the domestics called them, had lost in the scuffle. As the writings it contained were in French, and no one in the castle, except the Duchess, was able to decipher them, the whole prize was therefore brought to her under the idea that they might throw some light upon those who had just escaped. She accordingly loosened the little green ribbon which was carefully tied about the folded papers, and found several open letters, draughts, and memoranda on which the names of places and persons were noted as if for recollection, and amongst others, her own and that of Castle Barbican. It was not easy to make out the whole mystery from these papers, but thus much was evident; the supposed captain was a Catholic ecclesiastic of Rheims, by name John Ballard, who had crossed the sea in the military

garb, accompanied by Savage, an officer in the Belgian army, with the view of freeing Mary Stuart. Many English of rank appeared to be involved in the conspiracy, and Bishop Day was amongst them.

The Duchess still held the pouch in her hand, after having replaced the papers in it. She for a long time weighed the matter with herself, then slowly and carefully packed up the important documents of treason, and in the same night, without saying a word of her discovery, sent off Ralph to Queen Elizabeth in London.

CHAPTER XII.

WHILE a blind bigotry was thus in secret trying to undermine the ground on which the new doctrines had gained a firm footing, their defenders, proved by long and painful opposition, had to fight their battles in Brabant and the Netherlands. Much had happened there which signified not only the downfall of the old but the shaping of the new. A firm union was concluded between the northern and eastern provinces, a state had grown out of the ruin and fermentation; Orange, the life of the whole, was acknowledged its head, and nothing now seemed to be able to dispute the rights of the tolerated people. But the youthful being, that outgrows itself, has ever a wavering greatness, which must find its balance or perish in the sickly interval between youth and manhood.

The bold Duke of Parma, as fiery as perse-

vering, was chosen to be a dam against this advancing flood. The wearying war of sieges, which he carried on against the most important places, brought back under his dominion one town after the other, and now his attempts were directed against Ghent and Antwerp. The last place alone could decide who was to be master of the Netherlands, and full of this conviction the Duke broke up with his troops from Dornick to march at once towards his goal. The Netherlands laughed at this project, which seemed to be the romantic birth of a hot young brain. Antwerp's situation, covered by the Scheldt, and on the land-side by Ghent, Brussels, Mechlen, and Dendermonde, threatened entire destruction to the Spanish army, that was much decreased, and moreover embittered and murmuring from the want of pay. Nevertheless the cautious Prince of Orange, awake to every thing, called together the heads of the union in his palace at Dort, and formed prudent plans to render every

advance of the besieger useless, and, when the Counts of Bergen and Keulenburg vehemently declared against the possibility of such advances, he replied laughingly, yet agreeing with their view of the matter, "I know well that the Spanish force must break before the strong walls of Antwerp, but on that very account our opposition must be so regulated that not only courage may shrink before it, but that it may even subdue perseverance. Parma has set his whole ambition on the conquest of the Netherlands. He has wisely considered his means and the importance of the undertaking. If he were to divide his army and blockade the city on both sides of the river he would soon see his impotence without reckoning the great number of ships required to bar the Scheld. He has, therefore, as you know, adopted the idea of hungering out Antwerp, by taking the bastions along the river, increasing the fortifications on its banks, and then by the fall of the Brabantic

by the fall of the Brabantic

cities which are still in our hands. Through these measures he hopes to cut off all communication with the besiegers by land and water."

Here Orange paused, seeing impatience on the faces of his hearers, and waited in expectation of some reply, but, as all were silent, he continued—"It is *possible* that the bulwarks on the land side may totter, Ghent and Mechlen *may* fall."—Bergen started up from his seat, and others insisted that this *could not* happen. "It *may* happen," said Orange, "therefore it is my advice immediately to raze the great dam between Sanvilet and Lillo, that if there should be any occasion we may let out the waters of the Upper Scheld over the lower lands of Bergen, and so be able to open a way to the city for the Zealand ships through the flooded fields if the Scheld should be blocked up."

The Count of Hochstaaten immediately agreed to this proposition. Keulenburg and many others held it almost too great and far-fetched a project; Orange, however, carried through

his purpose, and it was resolved to communicate this plan to St. Aldegonde, who was the governor of Antwerp.

The Prince was looking round for some one equally capable of comprehending his project and of imparting it clearly to others, when his eye fell upon Peregrine, who had just then entered, and he exclaimed, "See! there comes Lord Willoughby? Is it a good or an evil hour that brings you here?"

"I fear an evil one," replied Peregrine; "I come to announce to your Highness the fall of the fort on the island of Doel. Count Risburg took it before it was put into a perfect state of defence, and the same fate threatens fort Lille that lies opposite. Count Odet of Teligny has therefore sent me to request of your Highness a reinforcement. My regiment, and the Scots under Colonel Balfour, are considerably weakened, from England no fresh supplies come, and we need——"

"Truly," said Orange, interrupting him, "the

great Queen should do nothing by halves; she should,—but we will not stand talking of what should be. You see,” he continued, turning to his friends, “how important the execution of my project is for Antwerp. But now, my Lord, let us first drown all our cares in wine, and then I will tell you my intentions, upon which you will hasten to the prudent St. Aldegonde in Antwerp.”

A glow rushed over the cheeks of Peregrine at the name of Aldegonde, as with absent thoughts he obeyed the Prince's request to take a seat at his side. With visible anxiety he listened to all that was said in regard to the Lord of Marnix; but the cheerful mood of the brave heroes around him soon scattered the clouds of his own imagination, and a conversation no less instructive than enlivening completely rivetted his attention.

“Does not your father, my Lord, defend Ghent?” said Kuilenburg in the interval.

Peregrine replied in the affirmative, with the remark that this place too was near its fall.

"Your fancy," said Count Bergen, "is of a very gloomy complexion. Methinks our views even in England did not particularly chime in with each other, and the same difference holds still with us."

"Nevertheless, Count," said Peregrine, "we go the same road, and I do not think yet can say I lag behind you. If your fancy have rose-coloured wings, and mine grey ones, we both of us fly neither higher nor lower than we ought; and, therefore,—"

"And, therefore, no more about it," interrupted the Prince, with the goblet in his hand.

"In the bright stream of my country's wine a peaceful eye and an unwrinkled brow are alone reflected. By Heavens!" he added, after having tasted it, "the growth of the Rhine affords a noble draught!"

He emptied the goblet and broke up the table.

never at any time extending the banquet beyond its proper limits.

“And now a few calm words,” he said, beckoning to his guests as he went before them towards the entrance of the hall, when he suddenly broke off and called out to a sallow-looking Frenchman, that crossed his way, “Aha, Guion, are you returned from Leyden? What is my son, Maurice, doing? Does he get on well? I think,” he added, turning his head round to his friends, “Launoï will make something excellent of him.”

The report of a pistol, the fall of the Prince at full length, and a cry of horror from every lip, were the answer to these mild paternal words, the last that ever flowed from the lips of the wise hero.

“Fiend!” shouted Bergen, catching the fugitive with the speed of an arrow, while Peregrine held the stark body in his arms, without well understanding what had passed, and without feeling a single emotion in his bosom.

"Friend!" cried all the by-standers to Guion, who struggled in desperation; "Who, who has hired you to this accursed deed? Speak! if your tongue be not paralyzed, or your blood turned to ice in horror of your very self."

The unhappy man cast a dark and glowing look at Orange, upon which a dreadful shuddering seized him, his teeth chattered violently, he became pale as death, and he stammered out with blue trembling lips, "God will judge the deed! I am innocent! The Franciscan, Gerald of Tournay, has given me absolution for it."

With difficulty Hochstaaten rescued the wretched man from the naked swords that were flourished against him, saying, "Leave him untouched! Do not stain your weapons with the blood of a murderer! Let him die the death of a criminal by the hand of justice!"

"For years," said an old servant, lamenting and wringing his hands; "for years has this Guion looked at your beloved face, waited on you, possessed your confidence, and—Heavens,

what a world is this, when such goodness can not subdue the Devil!"

Peregrine had laid the dead body down on cushions, as dumb and almost as stark as the corpse itself, and he remained standing by it without motion. He had seen thousands fall in battle, but here it seemed to him as if he had never looked on the dead before. An unnatural horror at last convulsed his whole frame, and, stretching both hands before his face, he exclaimed in a hollow voice, "Murdered!"

"This blow," said a voice near him, "was only wanting. With him has fallen the heart which animated the body of our republic, so laboriously put together. Take heed, the limbs will gradually fall off; Antwerp, too, will,——"

Peregrine looked up. It was Hochstaaten who thoughtfully weighed their danger, and he immediately interrupted him with, "Antwerp! Heavens! The Prince's very last commission sends me thither. Farewell, therefore, Count, I have not a moment longer to delay."

"You too are going," said Hochstaaten in emotion: "the wild hour tears his friends away from his corpse. They fly hither and thither, for his spirit yet animates all! But who, like him, will be able to keep them united?"

"Eternal Providence," cried Peregrine, raising his dark expressive eye to Heaven: "eternal Providence will find a hand able to seize the right thread in this entangled yarn."

His heart had never been more painfully agitated than now upon his leaving the palace of Dort. It seemed to him as if he were wandering in dark night, although it was full mid-day.

"I did not think this," he said to himself, as he lingered at the door of the building: "I did not think this; but, indeed, how little for the most part does man think that is true! All that is here is shadow and dream, and on the other side is the hour of waking!"

His youthful heart was ready to burn in this parting look at the Prince's window. He leaned

his head against the lower breast-work, and wept violently, when a light hand tapped his shoulder. He started in confusion, and looking up, saw before him a man about the age of Orange, whom he did not remember having ever seen before. There was something dignified in his mien that inspired respect, and, as a Knight of the Fleece, rich and nobly clad, it was impossible to mistake in him the man of rank. He addressed Peregrine politely ;

“Do you wish to travel alone, or would you like the society of a companion? My road leads me precisely in the same direction, and if you have nothing more to do here, let us hasten to quit the house of crime and sorrow.”

Peregrine assented to his proposal by a silent bow, although more from courtesy in the first surprise than from choice; and, indeed, there was but little time for him to adopt any other resolution, for his own horse as well as that of the stranger was in the fore-court. The latter, without more words, mounted his steed, and

halted by the side of Peregrine, waiting till he was ready.

They had gone a considerable way in silence by each other, when the Knight of the Fleece said; "It will little help you to impart a project to St. Aldegonde, which for its execution depends on the will of the burghers, and never, I can promise you, will they be capable of the bold idea of a momentary sacrifice. They would rather put their life to the hazard in the hope of its remaining unindangered than voluntarily renounce the possession of an acre of land."

"It might be so," replied Peregrine, "if the words of the mouth, now closed for ever, were not a sort of testament. I should think the wish of Orange must be sacred with the Brabanters."

"You judge by your own feelings," replied the knight. "Those men are much colder than you imagine to yourself, and only that which immediately touches them has any influence with them."

Peregrine attentively considered the stranger as he spoke; his head hung down a little, as if looking to his horse; his face bore the marks of a calm, unruffled mind. Upon his brow were thought and gravity, about his mouth was a something stern, as if the guardian of his tongue and lips, and these were evidently under the control of a will that seemed regulated by experience and decision. Few words past between them, nor could Peregrine comprehend why so silent a companion could have desired his society.

On the third day of their mutual journey he ventured to ask the knight, "If business were carrying him to Antwerp, or if he belonged to the garrison there?" The answer was, that "The defence of Dendermonde, which had devolved to him, took him that way."

"How?" exclaimed Peregrine. "Dendermonde, too, threatened?"

"I tell you," replied the knight, "that all

Brabant and Flanders are threatened by this Parma."

The important affairs of the time led the conversation more and more upon this subject, and Peregrine soon found that he was speaking with a proved statesman and warrior. Intent upon every word, he did not suffer a single one to escape him that might give him any light into the state of things. As he listened, he had involuntarily forgotten himself and his immediate personal relation to the stranger, when suddenly it occurred to him that it was singular he did not even know the name of the person who had such a title to his admiration. The question hovered upon his lips, but the fear of seeming importunate, and still more an unconquerable bashfulness, made him refrain from this intention.

They had now come to a cross-road, when the knight said, "Here our ways divide. Your fate at Fort Lillo will soon be decided. If you

about back the enemy you drive him upon us, and if the fort falls the danger of Antwerp is increased; so that one way or the other we stand or fall together. Perhaps the chance of war may soon occasion our meeting. I am John of Marnix, Count of Toulouse," he added, guiding off his horse and inclining his hand towards him in parting salutation.

"The Count of Toulouse!" re-echoed Peregrine, halting, and looking with fixed gaze after the horseman who hastily rode off—

And he did not even ask my name! Without doubt he knew me!—Rosa! Rosa! And not a word of yours!

Slowly he approached Antwerp. What he there learnt, and what the multiplied events of that busy time brought with them, swallowed up this impression as well as many others of an earlier date.

Your
The knight said: "Here our ways divide. If you
late at Fortillo will soon be decided."

CHAPTER XIII.

No cheerful guest for a long time had been seen to enter the deserted court-yard of Castle Barbican. All was still there. Ralph, indeed, crept about now and then, seated himself upon the large white stone near the road, and with sick heart and sick eye looked abroad without an immediate object.

It was on a warm spring evening that annual and the call of revived nature again drove him to his old post. The moon rose full and glowingly above the forest; the nightingale sang sweetly by the waters, on the elder and rose bush; the frogs were stirring in the pond; and Ralph was thinking of happier days, and how often the change of seasons had greeted him in the same way, when he was joined by a traveller, whom he had seen for some time descending the

hill and crossing the footpath through the meadow. He answered the stranger's salutation carelessly, adding, "Whence, friend?"

"From afar," was the reply. The voice sounded faintly.

"From afar!" re-echoed Ralph. "Rest here then and get strength for the remainder of your journey. You will indeed rest upon the sill of a house of mourning."

"A house of mourning!" said the traveller, hastily. "Who has died within these walls?"

"No one precisely within these walls; but though the body be buried on the other side of the water, the soul was here, and that has taken another soul with it, so that all with us dead and desolate."

"What do you mean by that, I pray you?" said the stranger.

"Ah!" sighed Partridge, "it is a long tale to tell. If you had known Sir Richard Bertie, why then, indeed;—but as it is ———"

"I did know him—know him well!" replied the traveller.

"Then, perhaps, you are acquainted with his adventures?" exclaimed Ralph.

The stranger nodded in the affirmative, and Ralph went on, "they were of a singular nature;—first exiled; then recalled; and now a voluntary exile. He might have ended his life so quietly too, and had not the least occasion to be stretched dead at Ghent by the shot of the infernal besiegers."

"Your master fell at Ghent, then?" said the stranger.

"He did," replied Ralph, "but his death had this good with it; he did not live to see the surrender; for the city we may well say has surrendered, since it bought itself off with a heavy fine. It was not so with Fort Lille and the brave Dendermonde! The son avenged his father's death, I can assure you that."

"The son lives then?" said the stranger.

He "does," said Ralph, "though it is a ticklish thing to answer such a question with yes, for the hours change there like rain and sunshine on an April day."

"And how does the Duchess bear this new sorrow?" exclaimed the stranger, after a long pause of silence.

"As she bears every thing,—firm, resigned; nay, I might say great, as her whole life has been. There above, where you see the pale glimmer of the lamp shining through the curtains, she sits alone in the corner of a large room, hung with black. Long, widow's weeds veil her majestic figure; and she reads in pious books, edifying herself and the grumbling Sarah, who cannot bear the change of life. In truth, he who sees this, and can recollect the days when she looked out into the world bright as the sun, while her eye had a splendour that made every other sink before it, and joy with fortune followed her steps!—Oh, if such a one sets too

high a value on this life below the moon, he must have a great faith in infidelity."

"Could I not speak with the Duchess for a moment?" said the stranger, after a long pause, in which he looked upon the ground before him.

"Perhaps you bring her a message from Lord Willoughby?" answered Ralph, eyeing him inquiringly. "He has still a claim upon her sympathy, or else her grief for the poor Sir Richard is much too recent and too lively for her to think of other things."

"I do not come from Flanders; but I am on the way to Burgundy and had many things to tell your Lady," replied the wanderer.

"Humph!" muttered Ralph, half aloud. "It is late now, and we go to bed with the birds. My old eyes are no longer able to see by candle-light, and, if I could, what should I see in bare walls or in books, which don't contain half such curious things as I have gone

through? When it grows too cold here under the trees I try to go to sleep, and do you follow my example. So come in; Castle Barbican is the same hospitable house as ever, giving a willing refuge to the traveller; and when you are refreshed in the morning you can pay your visit to the Duchess."

"I prefer travelling by night," said the stranger, in a low tone, and somewhat confused.

"So! so!" retorted Ralph, as if he suspected which way the wind blew; "you prefer travelling by night! Then I would advise you to take up your staff again, for, as I said before, we sleep by night."

"Partridge! honest Partridge!" cried a voice, which on the sudden sounded quite familiar to his ear—"Is it possible that you absolutely do not recognise me?"

As the stranger spoke he raised his head and turned his face so that the moon poured its full light on the pale and worn features of Gilles

Boissy, who stood before him with a melancholy smile.

"Giles?" exclaimed Partridge, starting up.
 "Heaven deliver us! What would you here? Have you, too, a design against her Grace's life, like your Catholic brother, that you set upon us a few months since? Go! I advise you, for the sake of old companionship, go!"

"Ah, Ralph!" sighed Giles, taking the indignant old man by the hand—"I am a very unhappy being! If you knew how wretched I am, what tortures my soul endures, you would not turn your back upon me as if I were a contemptible beggar!"

"Smooth words," retorted the old man, shaking his head—"lies invented by the devil, with which you think to snare the soul, simple Ralph! Wretched! Why the deuce are you so? Had not you the best place in the worlding body, wages, and plenty of drink? Zounds, who made you steal away like a cat from a glove, and was I any longer to expect those who had

Didn't you leave us one morning without a word, when we were in that infernal castle on the Dutch coast, where all was going cross with us? And since, then have you ever let us hear any thing of you but to our vexation?"

"You are quite right," replied Gilles. "I can say nothing in answer to your reproaches, but that I was as if torn by two horses, divided into two parts, and so dragged along the ground. If you feel no pity for me, I have, in truth, no claims upon your justice."

"What sort of talk is this?" said Partridge, already a little more inclined towards him. "In two halves! Why so? An honest fellow is always one whole, or else he becomes half a rascal."

"My heart loved the heretics, Ralph; but my tortured soul condemned them,—still does condemn them. Could I help that, my faith would not remain your faith? I have suffered pain enough on that score; and, if it were so, was I any longer to oppose those who had the

peace of this tortured soul in their hands? My
 mother served the Scottish Queen. The powerful
 Granvella, who had just then returned to Spain,
 had me taken up by his spies and brought to
 Madrid, and it was only by blind obedience that
 I could expiate my offence in having so long
 served a heretic. My Heart was dead; I did
 as they ordered me; the long years have past
 away in perpetual wanderings, and I have often
 been for months in England. Here in the wood
 died my mother, when they separated her from
 Mary and exposed her to all the miseries of
 helpless age. A poor Catholic took pity upon
 her; with him she found a refuge, and, owing
 to the secret understanding which he had with
 the banished priests, she found, too, the comforts
 of a religion to which her whole life was devoted.
 Day, too, the once so dreaded Bishop Day, led a
 hermit's life under the shelter of these woods.
 I have just visited his grave, which, poor and
 humble as it is, has yet been dug by the hands
 of devoted love, and now encloses that restless,

active spirit, which formed such great plans for the deliverance of the Scottish Queen, and through them plunged so many unfortunate beings into destruction. The old inhabitant of the forest, who led me to the humble hillock, and wetted it with his scalding tears, can not get over the loss of a man for whose destruction a thousand hands had taken up the sword, if his retreat had ever been discovered. Such experiences my old comrade make the heart tender, and the mind gentle and apt to kindness. I refrain from all judgment, but I could not part from this land without again seeing Barbican, and obtaining forgiveness at her Grace's feet."

"Done!" cried Partridge, shaking his hand warmly off. "That you shall. Come; only come. What the dence! One must not let the sun go down upon one's wrath. And who knows? the sun of our life may set before any of us expect of it. Come; I understand but little of your subtleties, your perversions, and your tricking parties that restles

system of lies; but the times are so confused, that one does not know who is cook and who is butler. By-the-by, talking of butlers, if Nohl that office here, and can put some wine before you, that will make you forget your Catholic conundrums."

Ralph set about re-baptising his old enmity in old wine, and converting it to young friendship; and both sent the golden lights of fancy through the gloomy present; the little chamber on the ground floor, which was formerly Calles's, now united them again, as it had been wont to do, the long, long time, that lay behind them, was absorbed in the moment, and one word brought on another, as if there existed nothing to check the free tide of sympathy; while above, in a dark chamber, sat the Duchess, her head leaning on her hand, and unable to compress her brow, she had struggled through this weary life, and often with gaiety and happiness. There are hours when only sorrow seems to have been

right to our recollection,—the shadows blend altogether, the light vanishes, and the soul finds itself in itself.

"My good Sarah," said the Duchess, beckoning her old confidante, "give me the melancholy letter once again. You know I like to read it before I go to bed. That one thought is so constantly with me from the time I open my eyes till the time I close them!"

"The poor eyes!" exclaimed Sarah, in a tone of angry pity, "will you exhaust them so much that you will no more be able to use them? And why should you read these few lines that you know by heart? In truth, I myself am so intimate with them that I should miss a single syllable if it were omitted." "Then I need so much the less to strain my eyes," said the Duchess, "I rather read the traces of the beloved hand than the words. They are the character of my vision in an hour of deep emotion. It seems to me as if I saw the firm strokes gliding and blending with each

other—the strong mind of the warrior, of the ripened man, struggling to regain its equanimity,—his eyes overflowing, his heart still bleeding. Ah, Sarah, Peregrine conceals from me what he suffers—his father's death has struck him with unwonted heaviness. We do not think of that which we have not felt. Mortality is ever strange to the living."

"Our Peregrine is a kind loving creature," said Sarah, meditating upon the letter. "How tenderly he thinks of you,—only of you,—and endeavours to raise your spirits by the thought that his father fell in defence of his post, and even upon his shield. And then immediately after what he himself speaks of the fight, how they defended the place and beat back the enemy!"

"Indeed! Indeed!" exclaimed the Duchess smiling, as if she saw her hero in the fire of the battle. But in the next moment a mist came over her eyes, as she said, "but what awaits him now at Antwerp? He himself forbodes greater danger than the generality of his com-

panions, and declares it will avail them little that the enterprising Gianibelli destroyed the bridge of boats which the Duke erected between Kallo and Ordam under the cannon of the fortress and protected by two mighty batteries. The bridge was blown up by a skilful contrivance, and the Duke, who stood near, was beaten from his horse by the explosion; all seemed lost; and yet,—the bridge is restored, because those in Antwerp as little opposed it as they inclined in another instance to fulfil the last will of Orange. The city, he says, will fall as Dendermonde and Ghent did.—Yes, it will fall!" added the Duchess; "and how many with it!"

She was occupied by these and similar thoughts, when Ralph entered the room with a cheerful face, and without much circumlocution announced his former companion Gilles to the Duchess, who was startled at the idea of again seeing a man disagreeable to her from so many different motives. A refusal was already upon

her lips, but she checked herself, and, suffering her native goodness to get the mastery, said, "Where is he then, Ralph? And what does the unhappy man want?"

"Your forgiveness!" exclaimed Gilles, rushing in and flinging himself at her feet before she was aware of his presence. "Oh, Heavens! To find you thus! so lonely! so desolate!" Tears poured down his cheeks as he pressed to his lips the hem of her mourning garment.

"Gilles!" said the Duchess, after a brief silence; "how am I to reconcile this emotion with your constant endeavours to bring trouble upon this house and to sow distrust in the heart of my son?"

"Ask not," cried Gilles; "inquire not—all powerful is the bidding of the church. God willed that I should chance upon your son, and I held it for a token from Heaven that I should try to win him over to the old faith. His strong affection for—"

"Silence upon that," said the Duchess, "tell me rather what brings you to me now?"

John Ballard, and Savage, with Babington and many others, are arrested and imprisoned, and they will not fail to hunt me out too; therefore I leave England for ever. But give me your blessing, I entreat you; your blessing before I die?"

"Yonder," replied Catherine, pointing up to Heaven—"yonder, Gilles, exists no strife of opinions; *There* is peace; and *there* we shall meet again; God guide us thither!"

She gave him her hand, which he covered with kisses, and sobbing loudly hurried from the chamber.

"Peace!" sighed the Duchess; "who will find it here on earth?"

It was, however, more close to her than she imagined. Antwerp, in spite of the bravest defence, was surrendered upon terms; and the zeal of the allies seemed for a moment to be damped. Elizabeth withdrew her troops; Pere-

gaine, the adored hero of the army, the idol of the people, returned with them to England. The Queen had created him her general and loaded him with praises; but, although he felt the value of her favour, yet the cloud, which had before covered his brow, now lay upon it more darkly than ever. No one knew the occasion of his melancholy. He avoided the court, and subsequently accepted the situation of Governor of Berwick, whither he was accompanied by his mother.

Many years afterwards he married a French lady, in regard to whose rank and race opinions were far from being unanimous. Some pretended to recollect, that in a sally from Antwerp he fought by the side of the Count of Toulouse, whom he bore out of the throng heavily wounded, after having gained fort Mary. When the fort was again lost and Antwerp itself surrendered, with permission however of a free retreat to the garrison, Lord Willoughby, according to this tale, had accompanied the wounded Count to a

near castle on the coast. It was night when they arrived ; and a figure, as if woven of the air, floated towards them in the arched entrance of the hall, while the glimmer of a half-extinguished lamp fell on her fair face. Peregrine murmured in surprise—" Rosa ! Was it all a dream ? Are we yet at St. Aldegonde's ? Did I never lose you ?" She signed to him to be silent and gave him her trembling hand without uttering a word. The sick man pressed both their hands in his. Peregrine stood awhile as if petrified, and then finally tore himself away.

The circumstance of Lady Willoughby also being called Rosa and of the Count of Toulouse dying of his wounds, made many believe that she had been the lady of the castle. But, however this might be, Peregrine could not have been happier with any other bride. In his son, who subsequently obtained the rank of a Count of Lindsey, the grandmother bloomed again, and in her later years was fond of re-

calling the story of her eventful life. Often when the family was collected at Barbican, and she sat surrounded with them by the great fire-place in her chamber, she would talk with much vivacity of the days in Sion House, of the fair Jane, and what an unavoidable influence her death had exercised over the lives of many.

In such hours a guest would often associate himself with the inmates of Castle Barbican, whose country was never distinctly known. Some deemed him a Spanish monk, or outcast of the Netherlands; others saw in him a mysterious being, who was intimately mixed up with the fate of Lady Willoughby. Sarah and Ralph swore that they recognised Lord Hastings in him; and once when Essex, in the exuberance of his mirth, called him the gray spectre, that he remembered in the early scenes of Peregrine's life, the unknown guest retorted gravely, "Do you know the story of the little flower called nightshade? Its pale garment formerly

glittered with a thousand purple lights; it sparkled and shone proudly above all others, when a single drop of poison, sweltered by the mid-day heat from the dark vapour, fell into its open cup, and it was all over with its brilliance."

He was silent. The proud favourite might well have remembered this at a later period, when his haughty brow was shadowed about with the air of a dungeon and the shivering reek of death.

THE END.

NOTICE AND RETURN

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

For your writing and reading, let that appear when there is
no need of such vanity—SHAKESPEARE.

*Catherine for answer, presented to him a new-born infant
carefully wrapt up in cloths and linen, saying, with a
faltering voice,—“ Let the boy be called Peregrine,
for he is a stranger in this rough land.”—p. 32.*

THESE adventures are not altogether a fiction; the
Duchess and her husband suffered so much during their
exile, that their story became the subject of an old ballad,
entitled, “THE MOST RARE AND EXCELLENT HISTORY
OF THE DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK, AND HER HUSBAND
RICHARD BERTIE’S CALAMITIES. *To the tune of
Queen Dido.* Originally published in the reign of
Queen Elizabeth; reprinted in 1738, and again in
1806.”

When God had taken for our sin
 That prudent Prince King Edward away,
 Then bloody Bonner did begin
 His raging malice to bewray :
 All those that did God's word profess
 He persecuted more or less.

Thus while the Lord on us did lower,
 Many in prison he did throw ;
 Tormenting them in Lollard's Tower *,
 Whereby they might the truth forego.
 Then Cranmer, Ridley, and the rest,
 Were burning in the fire, that Christ profess'd.

Smithfield was then with fagots fill'd,
 And many places more beside ;
 At Coventry was Saunders kill'd,
 At Worcester a good Hooper slain ;
 And to escape this bloody day
 Beyond sea many fled away.

Among the rest that sought relief,
 And for their faith in danger stood,
 Lady Elizabeth was chief,
 King Henry's daughter of royal blood,
 Who in the Tower did prisoner lie,
 Looking each day when she should die.

* There is a place so named, composing a part of the palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth.

The Duchess of Suffolk, seeing this,
 Whose life likewise the tyrant sought,
 Who, in the hopes of heavenly bliss,
 Within God's Word her comfort sought;
 For fear of death was forc'd to fly,
 And leave her house most secretly.

That for the love of God alone,
 Her lands and goods she left behind;
 Seeking still that precious stone,
 The Word and truth to save and find;
 She with her husband, nurse, and child,
 In poor array their sighs beguil'd.

Thus through London they pass'd along,
 Each one did take a several street;
 And all along escaping wrong,
 At Billingsgate they all did meet;
 Like people poor, in Gravesend barge,
 They swiftly went with all their charge.

And all along from Gravesend town,
 With journey short on foot they went,
 Unto the sea-coast came they down,
 To pass the seas was their intent;
 And God provided to that day

That they took ship and sail'd away,

And with a prosperous gale of wind,
 In Flanders they did safe arrive;
 This was to them great ease of mind,
 And from their hearts much we did drive;
 And so with thanks to God on high,
 They took their way to Germany.

Thus, as they travell'd still disguised,
 Upon the highway suddenly
 By cruel thieves they were surpris'd,
 Assaulting their small company
 And all their treasure and their store
 They took away and beat them sore.

The nurse, amidst of all their fright,
 Laid down the child upon the ground;
 She ran away out of their sight,
 And never after that was found.
 Then did the Duchess make great mean
 With her good husband all alone.

The thieves had then their horses killed,
 And all their money quite had took;
 The pretty baby almost spoil'd,
 Was by the nurse likewise fortook.
 And they far from their friends did stand,
 And succourless in a strange land.

The sky likewise began to scowl,
 It hail'd and rain'd in piteous sort;
 The way was long and wondrous foul;
 Then may I now full well report,
 Their grief and sorrow were not small
 When this unhappy chance did fall.

Sometimes the Duchess bore the child
 As wet as she could be,
 And when the lady, kind and mild,
 Was weary, then the child bore he.
 And thus they one another eas'd,
 And with their fortunes seem'd well pleas'd.

And after many a weary step,
 All wet shod both in dirt and mire;
 After much grief their hearts yet leap,
 For labour doth some rest require,
 A town before them they did see,
 But lodged there they could not be.

From house to house then they did go,
 Seeking that night where they might lie;
 But want of money was their wo,
 And still their babe with cold would cry;
 With ear and knee they court'sy make,
 But none of them would pity take.

Lo! here a Princess of great blood
Doth pray a peasant for relief
With tears bedewed as she stood
Yet few or none regard her grief;
Her speech they could not understand,
But some gave money in her hand.

When all in vain her speed was spent,
And that they could not house-room get,
Into a church-porch then they went
To stand out of the rain and wet;
Then said the Duchess to her dear,
“ Oh, that we had some fire here !”

Then did her husband so provide,
That fire and coals they got with speed;
She sate down by the fire-side
To dress her daughter that had need;
And while she dress'd it in her lap
Her husband made the infant pap.

Anon, the sexton thither came,
And finding them there by the fire;
The drunken knave, all void of shame,
To drive them out was his desire;
And spurning out the noble dame,
Her husband's wrath he did inflame.

And all in fury as he stood,
 He wrung the church keys from his hand,
And struck him so that all the blood
 Ran down his head as he did stand;
Wherefore the sexton presently
For aid and help aloud did cry.

Then came the officers in haste
 And took the Duchess and her child,
And with her husband thus they past
 Like lambs beset with tigers wild;
And to the governor were brought,
Who understood them not in aught.

Then Master Bertie, brave and bold,
 In Latin made a gallant speech,
Which all their miseries did unfold,
 And their high favour did beseech.
With that a doctor, sitting by,
Did know the Duchess presently.

And, thereupon, arising straight,
 With looks abased at the sight,
Unto them all that there did wait
 He thus broke forth in words aright;
“Behold! within your sight,” quoth he,
“A Princess of most high degree.

With that the Governor and all the rest,
 Were much amazed the same to hear!
 Who welcomed this new-come guest

With rev'rence great and princely cheer;
 And afterwards convey'd they were
 Unto their friend Prince Casimier:

A son she had in Germany,
 Petegrine Bertie call'd by name,
 Surnam'd the good Lord Willoughby,
 Of courage great and worthy fame;

Her daughter young that with her went
 Was afterwards Countess of Kent.

For when Queen Mary was deceased,
 The Duchess home returned again;

Who was of sorrow quite releas'd

By Queen Elizabeth's happy reign;

Whose godly life and piety

We may praise continually.

The original of this ballad is to be found in the *Roxburgh Collection*, but I went no farther for it than *Bank's Dormant Peerage*. The ballad-maker, however, is not so historically correct as the novelist, who is quite right in stating that Sir Richard obtained relief by the means of two students whom he addressed in Latin.

Banks gives a copy of a curious inscription in the church at Wesel, which relates to Sir Richard's son Peregrine.

Anno D.M.D.L.V.XII. Octobris. In hoc Ecclesiæ Vesaliensis Propylæo natus est, ideoque appellatus Peregrinus, Bertie, Baro Willoughby de Eresby, in Regno Angliæ Domini Richardi Bertie et Catharinæ Ducissæ Suffolciæ Filius, qui conjugali inter se et piâ regâ Deum fide insignes, ob professionem religionis à Papismo repurgatæ, spontè ex Angliâ profugerunt Mariâ regnante, Ao. Dni. M.D.LIII.

Idem Peregrinus Bertie, postea regnante Elizabethâ, An. Dom. M.D.LXXX. VIII. Comitum Anglicorum in fœderato Belgio sub felicissimis illius Reginæ auspiciis militantium, locum tenens generalis constitutus* est et posteros deinceps reliquit, qui etiamnum incalescunt titulo Comitum de Lindsey et jure hereditario magnorum Angliæ Camerariorum. Hunc lapidem, altero partim vetustate exeso, partim militum vi fracto, instauravit Carolus Bertie, Montacuti Comitis de Lindsey filius, et serenissimi Dni. Caroli II. Magnæ Britanniæ regis ad plerosque Sac. Rom. Imperii Electores aliosque Germaniæ Principes Aлегatus Extraordinarius, An'o Dni. M.D.C.LXXX.

* Constitutus, in Banks, but whether the error exists in the original, or has arisen from the printer, I cannot pretend to say.

"Antony Perenot, Bishop of Arras."—p. 32.

He was, according to Grotius, a mixture of all that was great and detestable.—"In eo industria, vigilantia, ambitio, luxus, avaritia, bona malaque omnia excellebant." De Thou calls him, "Perenotus homo vafer;" and Strada treats him as the author of the disturbances in the Netherlands by his violent counsels; but Moreri defends him strenuously, as far as mere assertion can be said to defend any man.

Sigismund August weeps for his young wife.—p. 76.

This Sigismund, the second of that name, and the last of the House of the Jagellons, succeeded to the throne of Poland in 1548, having been crowned in the life-time of his father. He does not appear to have been a patron of the Protestants; but, on the contrary, to have tolerated them only as long as he was compelled to do so by circumstances. Being a widower, he thought proper, in spite of the entreaties of his relations and the whole Polish nobility, to marry Barbe Radzivil, the daughter of George Radzivil, Catallain of Wilna, and the widow of Gastold, Palatin of Lithuania. "Il obligea," says Moreri, "les Gentilshommes et le Senat du Royaume de se reconnaître pour son épouse légitime et pour Reine de Pologne. La Noblesse Polonoise, ayant eu cette complaisance pour son roi, se persuada qu'elle se

pouvoit donner plus de licence qu'auparavant. Il ne lui avoit pas encore été permis d'envoyer ses *enfants* dans les Universitez Protestantes d'Allemagne; elle le demanda et il fut obligé d'y consentir, sur ce qu'on lui representa que les Professeurs de ces Universitez étoient plus savaus que les autres. Ce fut par là que la Reformation entra dans la Pologne, car les Gentilshommes Polonois retournerent dans leur pais, mieux instruits de la doctrine des Protestans, que des Lettres Humaines, et ravagerent les Eglises dans les Palatinats où ils étoient les plus forts. Le Roi, resolu de ne se pas commettre avec la noblesse pour les intérêts de la religion, pendant qu'il auroit sur les bras les Tartares et les Moscovites, ne repondoit aux requêtes des Catholiques que par des remises, ce que lui fit donner le nom de Roi GIRON, c'est à dire, en langue du pais, Roi ne prenant. Dans la suite son zèle se réveilla quoiqu'un peu tard et lui fit chasser les ministres hors de ses états. —MORERI.—*Sub voce Sigismund.*

The bond of the Geusen spread from place to place.—p. 169.

In the time of Philip the Second, under the viceroyship of the blood-thirsty Duke of Alba, this name was given to the allied nobility in the Netherlands, and particularly to the discontented. In the year 1564 Philip sent nine inquisitors to put into force the Trent Decretal through the Netherlands, and through this step brought the

Catholics and Protestants into a fearful uproar. The nobility entered into the forementioned compact, in which they declared that they would not be cited before the nine inquisitors. In a solemn procession they presented the act to the Regent Margaret, that it might be forwarded to the Court of Madrid, which, instead of paying attention to this strong measure, treated the Petitioners with contempt, and from the year 1565 they were called by their adversaries *Galeos*, a word for which we have no term exactly corresponding, and which can only be imperfectly translated by the word Beggars. In the same way the Spaniards called these exiles, who fled to the other side of the water and fitted out privateers against them, *Kaisergraven*. The reproach, meant to be conveyed by this term, has, by an abuse of language, passed over into the French word, *Gueux*, and differs from its synonymes, *Mendiant* (a public beggar), and *Caimand* (one who begs alms from house to house), by the peculiar disgracefulness of his condition implied in it and the way in which the beggar, so destined, carries on his occupation.

The report of a pistol, the fall of the Prince at full length, and a cry of horror from every lip, were the answer to these mild paternal words.—p. 241.

The murderer was one Balthazar Gerard, a native of Burgundy, who was urged thereto by a Cordelier and a Jesuit. He obtained admittance to the Prince under the

pretence of wanting his signature to a passport, and drawing out a pistol, loaded with three balls, shot him through the body. William fell, exclaiming, "My God! have pity on thy people!" and instantly expired in the fifty-second year of his age, A. D. 1584. He was buried with almost regal honours, amidst the tears of a people who used familiarly to style him, "Father William." His talents made him a dangerous enemy to Spain, but Grotius seems to think that he was taken off in good time for his own reputation. "At ingreptia, undique pericula mors. Arausionensis impulsu, importunitissimo tempore, si Belgas spectamus, quorum res turbida et afflictæ ejus poterant unius consilio regi; sin ipsum, inæquum occidisse videri non potest, qui fortunæ publicæ, cui suam arctissime devoverat, creceptibus malis ereptus est." — Grotius — *Annalium*, Lib. iv. p. 85.

Yes, it will fall and how many with it! — p. 268.

The surrender of this place was the occasion of much slander against Lord Willoughby, and in particular a pamphlet was published against him, by a private individual, as he says, but pretending to be by the authority of the United States, which latter, however, deemed it proper to deny the libel in England by their ambassadors. Not contented with this, he answered the attack by a vigorous defence in French, throwing the blame of the business on his troops, who maintained for

want of pay, and offering to measure swords with any who thought proper to deny his allegations. The pamphlet is dated 1584, and bears the following prodigious title.—“*Bref discours pour donner Contentement à tous ceux qui ne cognoissans la verité, parlent indiscretement de la Sérénissime Reine d'Angleterre, du Saig-neur Baron de Wyllughby, Gouverneur général de son Secours des Provinces unies des Pays Bas et de la Nation Anglois à raison de certain placat du 17 d'Avril 1589, stile nouveau, mis en lumière par aucuns personnes particulieres comme se dict, sous le nom des estats Généraux desdites Provinces, Par lequel discours un chacun est prié et requis de parler bien et en honneur des actions desdits estats Généraux légitimement as-semblés.*”

But, indeed, the probabilities are in favour of Peregrine, who appears to have been a great general. A French historian says ; “*My Lord Willoughby fut un des plus célèbres Généraux de son tems et les historiens le nomment le premier Capitaine de la Reine.—On ne lui reproche que sa trop grande fierté, qui l’empêcha de de s’attacher à la cour ; repondant à ses amis qui l’exhorterent à la complaisance, que la cour n’étoit pas son élément, et, que n’étant pas reptile, il lui étoit impossible de ramper.*” — *Hist. d’Angleterre, &c. par M. DE LERREY, t. ii.*

It appears, too, from Holinshed, that he was Elizabeth’s ambassador to Denmark, to invest the King of

that country with the Order of the Garter. "On the eight and twentieth of June, Peregrine Bertie, Lord Willoughbie, of Ersbie, appointed Ambassador to Frederike the Second, King of Denmarke with the Garter, whereunto he had been elected and chosen a long time before, tooke his leave of the Queene's Majestie at Greenwich.—HOLINSHED. Q. *Elizabeth.*

THE END.

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Northumberland-court.









